



SATURDAY NIGHT.

Vol. 21, No. 51

(Saturday Night, Limited, Proprietors)
Office: 26 Adelaide Street West

TORONTO, CANADA, OCTOBER 3, 1908

Single Copies, 5c.
Per Annum (in advance), \$2.

Whole No. 1087

THE FRONT PAGE.

PREMIER ROBLIN of Manitoba has been in Ontario making political speeches, and has not hesitated to ladle out some real hot stuff. It appears that out West where the winters are cold, they like their politics hot. The story goes that the leading Conservatives of Winnipeg got together, previous to the arrival there of Mr. Borden on his trip across the continent, and agreed that the leader of the party at Ottawa was all right, except that he did not cut loose often enough, nor loose enough, and that it was the duty of the Winnipeg brethren to tell him so in plain terms. He was to be given to understand that the people of the West had no use for the "After you, my dear Alphonse" attitude on the part of an Opposition leader. They wanted to see the fur fly. So a judicious person was selected for the task, which some would think a delicate one, of spreading out before the Dominion Chieftain plans and specifications showing him what was the matter with him as a leader. The moment arrived. Mr. Borden was there, little suspecting what was in store for him, but—the judicious person got cold feet. He simply couldn't speak his piece to the courteous Mr. Borden. It is said, however, that Premier Roblin took over the job on the spot and performed it with much vigor and emphasis.

If the story be true it would seem that Mr. Borden bears Mr. Roblin no grudge, for they have been touring Ontario together, and nobody can fail to have noticed that, paced by the Manitoba Premier, the Conservative leader in Federal politics has cut loose as never before in his career.

Mr. Roblin, on his present tour has been getting after The Globe. He has denounced that journal and its editor. He charged that the Liberal organ had chloroformed public opinion in regard to the building of the Crow's Nest Pass Railway, until the Government had subsidized the road with nearly three million dollars cash, enabling men behind The Globe to get hold of 250,000 acres of the best coal lands in Canada.

Next day Mr. J. A. Macdonald, editor of The Globe, came out with a signed statement, saying that he would resign his editorship if Mr. J. S. Willison, who had been editor of The Globe at the time spoken of, would say that the charge made by Mr. Roblin was true. As Mr. Willison is now editing The News and seeking to defeat the Laurier Government because of its sins, this was a play on Mr. Macdonald's part not contemplated in the rules of the game. The editor of The News, while suggesting that Mr. Macdonald should fight his own battles without taking shelter in another man's coat-tails, replied that he had originated The Globe's policy as regards the Crow's Nest Pass Railway, had not consulted any director of the paper on the subject, and, later on, when Messrs. Cox, Jaffray and others had acquired an interest in the coal lands, he knew nothing about it until a charge to that effect appeared in the columns of The World. On the appearance of this statement by Mr. Willison, the editor of The Globe denounced Premier Roblin as a cowardly slanderer. "Not at all," replied Mr. Roblin, speaking at Brockville. "I never said Mr. Willison shared in the deal. I repeat my charge and emphasize it that The Globe newspaper chloroformed public opinion so far as it was able in Canada, in order that the Government might take \$2,000,000 in cash out of the public treasury, to enable The Globe to secure for nothing a land grant worth anywhere from one to two millions in cash. This statement stands."

Senator Jaffray, president of The Globe Company, is quoted in The Telegram as saying that an action in the courts will be taken against Mr. Roblin.

UNTIL the Manitoba Premier blew in from the West we have not had, in twenty years, such outbursts of denunciation as this row has occasioned. Mr. Roblin intimates that the editor of The Globe reminds him of a small black animal with a bushy tail and white stripes down its back; he speaks of him as a discredited, demoralized and degenerate editor; branded as an unprincipled man; a snivelling hypocrite; a disgrace to his cloth; untrue to his profession; but now stripped of his Pharisaical robes and exposed to the public gaze in his true light of hypocrisy and cant, defending the worst crimes of the Laurier administration.

It is pretty hot stuff that Mr. Roblin ladles out. It is rather too hot to be handled. It is too violent to be convincing. He uses the language of an angry man; not the language of one who reflects and knows the weight and worth of his words, and judges nicely the influence of his utterances on the popular mind. He seems to be a rough and tumble fighter who goes into a fray with a generous supply of noise.

If the Crow's Nest Pass deal was as bad as Mr. Roblin and others say it was, why did not the Conservatives force a parliamentary enquiry into it? The Globe is usually favorable to enquiries, and could not well oppose one of this kind. Why not have an investigation when the elections are over and Parliament is again in session? The Liberal organ grows so indignant at the suggestion that there was anything wrong with this deal in coal lands, that we may fairly hope to see it eagerly demand a parliamentary enquiry into the whole matter.

WHEN the editor of The Globe put it up to the editor of The News to say whether Mr. Roblin's charge was true, he took a course that was probably without parallel in journalism. If editing were a profession, Mr. Macdonald's course would be pronounced grossly unprofessional. The Globe goes in for impersonal journalism. It has had many editors, but it has been one paper all the time. When challenged so unexpectedly Mr. Willison had to reply, and he replied briefly and impersonally. There are men in town, however, who considered the course taken by the editor of The Globe an extremely risky one, and it only proved safe because J. S. Willison is the kind of man he is. Not long ago a little editorial paragraph appeared in the Liberal organ, saying how dishonorable it was for a man who had enjoyed the confidence of one political party to swing over to the other

and betray information of which he was possessed. People around town could see no direction in the paragraph, unless it was aimed at Mr. Willison. He was formerly editor of The Globe and had made that paper a great one, but for some reason he was not satisfied to remain in his post, and withdrew to edit The News as an independent journal. His paper is now said to be altogether with the Conservative party, and, at all events it is doing its utmost to defeat the Liberal Government at Ottawa.

Nobody can doubt that Mr. Willison knows a great deal about the inside history of the Liberal party—a great deal that he has not published in The News—a

ible enough, but, of course, one cannot accept both, and one scarcely knows which to put his faith in.

Bryan is not regarded with the same dread as in his previous contests, which may be accounted for in one of two ways, either because his former defeats seem to preclude success on the present occasion, or because many of his views already find wide acceptance, one political party advancing a radicalism almost as pronounced as the other.

The campaign began tamely. The Republicans nominated Taft without wanting to do so. The convention wanted Roosevelt, but had to accept his understudy. The Democrats nominated Bryan because they had nobody

them would abandon agriculture and turn their farms into links. Let Mr. Taft not be condemned because he plays golf. The game is played alike by philosophers and fools. Among its devotees are a few wise men and a great multitude of the foolish. The charm of the sport is that while engaged in it the wise man ceases to be oppressed by his wisdom, and the fool ceases to be afflicted by his folly. The game is no respecter of persons. It humbles the mighty and exalts the lowly. Should the worst happen, Mr. Taft may find comfort in the words imputed to Mr. Balfour: "I'd rather play scratch at St. Andrew's, than be Prime Minister."

THE Liberal papers are saying that only 800 Chinamen have entered Canada in the past three years, while the Conservative papers say that 1,300 came in last year alone. Perhaps the latter are referring to the year ending with June last, while the Liberal papers refer to the three years preceding that one. At any rate, the influx of Chinese is again on the increase after having almost stopped for a time. As they can now earn double the monthly wage they formerly received, it is not difficult for a Chinaman to save up and repay the \$500 head tax advanced for him by an importing agency.

"PERHAPS you are not aware," said Controller Spence the other day, "that more than half the population of Toronto lives west of Bathurst street. I am not taking the Junction into account, but speaking of the city proper. The latest returns of the assessment department show that more than half the population resides west of Bathurst." People used to consider Yonge street the centre of the city, and for several years past the centre of population was supposed to be somewhere near the corner of Spadina avenue and College streets. But the city grows steadily westward, and to-day the centre of population is somewhere a little west of the corner of Bathurst and College streets. There has been a great growth and a great change in twenty years.

HON. T. Mayne Daly is opposing Hon. Clifford Sifton in Brandon, and a despatch to The Mail says that he has a very fair chance of winning. No doubt, this is merely stage talk, for one may fairly suppose that if his own party had suspected that there was the least chance of his return to Ottawa, he would not have been nominated. Mr. Sifton is in some respects a bad man, while in other respects a brilliant one. Mr. Daly is insufferably afflicted with a congenital incapacity to be either good or bad to an extent that would attract anybody's notice.

THE grand jury has returned no bill against Col. Leslie, charged with the theft of something over eighteen thousand dollars from the funds of the Canadian National Exhibition. This ends proceedings.

This case, from first to last, has been an astonisher, and in the history of justice in Ontario, it deserves a special chapter. The accusation, when made, astonished the public with whom the accused was widely known and popular. The dealings of the municipal authorities with the accused astonished Magistrate Denison. The heated talk of the magistrate astonished those who knew him. Now it is the grand jury's turn.

A LEADING Toronto business man who recently returned from a trip to the Pacific Coast was talking the other day about the West. "When I went out over the C.P.R. a dozen years ago, I said on my return that I couldn't see how that railway would ever drum up enough business to make it a paying proposition. On my return this time my remark was that I couldn't see how the C.P.R. would ever be able to handle the business I could see pouring in on it."

THE value of courtesy in the railway business having been the subject of a short article on this page last week, a pamphlet issued by the Lackawanna company affording the text, a railway man has sent me a very sensible letter pointing out that it would be an excellent thing—better than any pamphlet—if superior officers in the railway service showed an example of courtesy in dealing with conductors, brakemen, ticket-sellers, agents and others. The correspondent puts the case so well that I give the letter in full:

Editor Saturday Night: I read with great interest the article on the front page of Saturday Night for September 26, commenting upon the action of the Lackawanna Railway Company, in issuing a circular to its employees urging politeness in their demeanour toward the public. I had also read the articles referred to, as having appeared in the columns of your paper on the same subject, and giving some instances of flagrant rudeness on the part of railway men. It is as a railway man I would like to speak especially, for there is another side to this great question which is not touched upon when a discussion of this kind is brought up. I will admit there are men in the railway service, as in other walks of life, who do not know how to speak courteously, and who give offence when they have no intention of doing so.

As a rule, railway officials know their men pretty well and they would very gladly eliminate the names of such men from the lists, if they could, but all these men belong to brotherhoods, and in order to discharge a man there must be a sufficient reason given, or the brotherhood will take up the discharged man's case through their grievance committee. Unless, then, a very flagrant case of discourtesy can be charged against an employee, this would not be considered a sufficient cause for dismissal, especially if the man was a satisfactory servant otherwise, and had a good record behind him for efficient work.

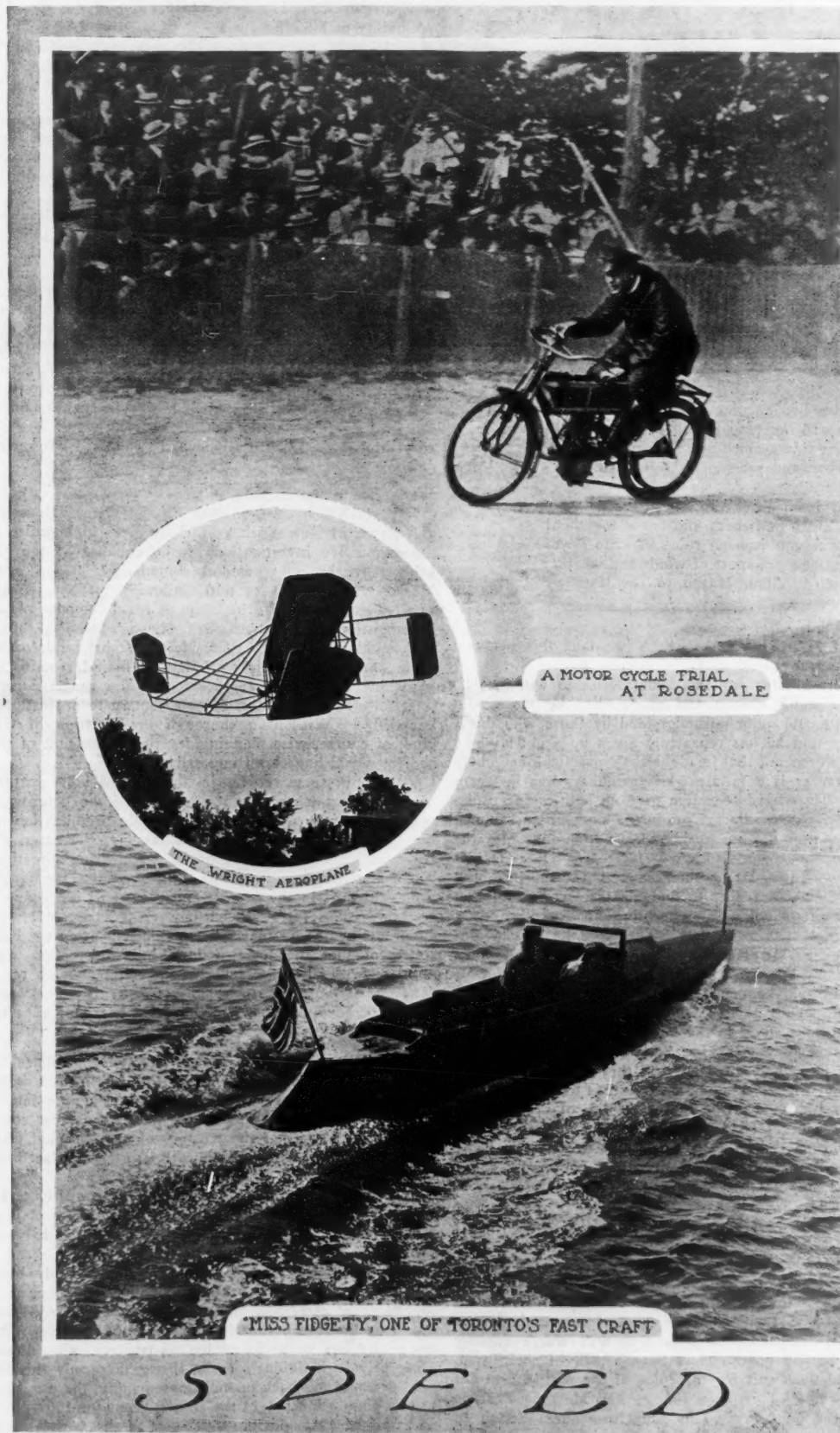
But when a railway company undertakes to urge upon employees the value of courtesy, we naturally infer from such action that the employee is, at all times, treated by his superior officer, with like courtesy.

Get among a bunch of railway men and ask them how their superintendent speaks to them when they are called upon "the carpet" to give their report on some mishap, or misdemeanor, by which a train was probably delayed, or a passenger put to some inconvenience.

A verbatim report of some of these "investigations" as they are called, might make good material for a yellow journal, but I would not like to see it on the front page of Saturday Night. We will suppose that the conductor, who snapped at the old lady to leave the window alone, was reported to his superintendent for this infelicity. To use the railway-man's phrase, he would be "pulled off his run to go up and see the Boss," in whose awful presence he would eventually find himself, after from thirty minutes to one hour's waiting in the lobby, during which time he would speculate on the reason for his summons.

As the door swings behind him, he, in all probability, will find his superior officer engaged in dictating to his secretary, a letter of scathing rebuke to some agent on the line, who has been dilatory in getting in his monthly reports, and for probably five minutes he is allowed to stand without any notice being taken of him.

Then, by a court nod, he is motioned to a chair, and the superintendent reaches for a file of papers, which he runs



great deal that Editor Macdonald, who is a recent arrival in the political field, does not suspect. Had Mr. Willison been another sort of man the challenge to him concerning the Crow's Nest Pass matter might have resulted calamitously to the party of which The Globe is the chief journal. One can imagine how the late J. Israel Tarte would have filled the front page of his newspaper with a reply had a leading government organ in 1896 challenged him to speak what he knew. One can imagine what would be the course, under the circumstances, of a man whose instincts were those of a politician, instead of being those of a journalist, trained from youth to respect confidences. In the opinion of onlookers, Mr. Willison is showing just the amount of reticence that his friends would expect in him, in fighting a political party with which his relations were once cordial. He is not making sensational disclosures; he is not peaching; he is not leading the enemy into the works through some private way known only to the garrison. His is a frontal attack.

LISTENING, from this distance, for the noise of strife in the Presidential Election in the United States, and hearing very little of it, the opinion grows that the present must be about the tamest contest in many years. When one meets a Bryanite he accounts for the lack of noise by saying that Taft has failed to arouse the enthusiasm of the Republican party. When one meets a supporter of Taft, he explains that the result being a foregone conclusion, the people have nothing to get excited about. Either explanation would in itself be plausible.

Neither party, therefore, could stir itself to great enthusiasm at the start.

Mr. Bryan is accused of being more a doctrinaire than a man of affairs. His critics complain that he is more like a parson or a college professor than a statesman. The critics of Mr. Taft complain that he is not his own man, and that he owes his nomination, not to himself nor to his party, but to Mr. Roosevelt. A curious phase of the contest is the disfavor with which the news is received throughout the country that Mr. Taft plays golf. It is admitted by his friends that his golf playing tells heavily against him. Henry Litchfield West, writing in the Forum, ascribes this to the serious-minded wave of reform now sweeping over the Republic. "Can there be," he asks, "anything more harmless than Mr. Taft's indulgence in the game of golf, an exercise which assists him in reducing his surplusage of flesh, and which is a healthy, out-door recreation? Notwithstanding this, it is a fact that in certain rural sections Mr. Taft's golf playing is viewed with disfavor, because golf is there regarded as a gambling game, and the spectacle of a presidential candidate thus frittering his time away is regarded as improper." Of course golf is not a gambling game, and the prejudice against the sport is confined wholly to those who know nothing about it. But the game and its merits cannot be explained to the agriculturists before the elections—to remove their prejudice against the game it would be necessary to give each one of them a club and a ball and send them over a course, which would result in national calamity, for most of

through to refresh his memory. "I have a complaint here, Mr. —, of your having treated a lady on your train yesterday with etc., etc. It seems to me you are not capable of handling that run and I have been thinking of having you put back to freight service. It shows a sad lack of brains that you should not have acted with more discretion in such a matter. I expected better things from a man of your years and experience, although I can't say that you ever display much common sense in the discharge of your duties."

After a long harangue along this line, delivered with biting sarcasm, Mr. — is probably asked if he has any reason to offer as to why he should not be reduced to the freight service at once.

Mr. —, therefore, makes a statement of the facts from his point of view, but his explanation will receive scant consideration.

He is allowed to go back home, having been told that his case will be looked into.

Possibly for two weeks he wanders around under suspense. It is no holiday, for he cannot tell what moment the call-boy will be around to order him to report for duty, so he must not be far away from home. However, one day the call-boy drums him up: "Report for No. — in the morning." His old run! He hears no more about it, but knows it is charged against his record, and will be brought up against him if he should at any future time be again summoned "on the carpet."

Now, when the conductor receives a circular from the management of his line, such as the one issued by the Lackawanna, can you wonder if he reads it with a sneer on his face, and tosses it from him with some remarks that would not look well in print? Can it be expected that he will return to his duties in anything but a morose state of mind? Is such discipline likely to teach him to be courteous?

I want to say in conclusion that there is no class of men in this country from whom so much is demanded as from employees of steam and electric railways. With an exacting public—the great majority of whom seem to leave their wits at home, when they start out on a railway trip—on one side, and a constant nagging, from their immediate superiors, over trifles, on the other, it's small wonder if, occasionally, a man should lose all patience and allow his pent up feelings to find expression, for after all he is only a man.

A RAILROADER.

In fact, water does not rise above its source. If there be not courtesy in the head office, one need not look for it on the branch lines. If the father of a family storms at his children, he need not be surprised if the children storm at each other. If the manager roars at the foreman, the foreman will roar at his subs, and the subs will roar at the men. The growl of the manager, as he sits in his private room, goes reverberating throughout the works. He speaks angry words to the superintendent, who talks crossly to the foreman, and the grouch passes on down the line, until out in the yard the teamster kicks his horse in the ribs, or bats the blameless beast's ears with the handle of his whip.

WHEN the manager of a large business feels cross, horses and men he never saw, have it taken out of their hides, at points miles away. I fully agree with our correspondent in saying that there cannot be civility and good manners in any public service, unless at the head of it is a man whose practices are courteous.

The idea used to prevail that nobody could teach school without using a club. It was also considered the preacher's duty to hold before the people the terror of hell's fire. It was the employer's idea that his worker was necessarily an inferior being, who needed to be crushed to the earth by reproof at frequent intervals. These old ideas have worn out. Teaching, it is found, does not really call for assault and battery. The preacher does not find it necessary to be always picturing eternal fires. Employers find that workers who are encouraged are doubly useful to those who are browbeaten, and the aim of any great promoter of business no longer is to have under his command a dumb and scared multitude of servitors, but an alert, resourceful organization of men, each one expert in his own task, and all working together with the least possible friction, in order to attain the highest possible net result.

It is often said that we can get more courteous treatment from the general manager of a business than from any one of his clerks. It is not always true, but one frequently experiences something of this kind, and there should be a hint in it for any young man who wishes to amount to anything. I know very few men who have succeeded in any walk of life who cannot date the turn in their fortunes from some actual occurrence—encounters with men who have put them in the way of advancement. In all these cases it would be found on enquiry that the young fellow was doing what he had to do with so much ease and intelligence as to show that he had a reserve for use in larger things. When a young fellow in dealing with the public is sullen, uncommunicative; when he is rude to the ill-dressed or the ignorant, and obsequious to those who look as if they might be important; or when he is peevish, full of argument, rebuke, retort, for any who venture to question or cross him, he does not know how petty and futile he appears in the sight of shrewd eyes. It is a pretty safe rule to keep in mind, that if the young man who is dealing with the public is to be successful, he can do it only by pleasing and satisfying the public. He makes work for himself, it is true; people crowd towards him rather than to others; but they talk of him, they advertise him in ways and in quarters he knows nothing about, and some fine morning he reaps the advantage.

It is a sheer misunderstanding of the whole situation that causes a railway or street car conductor, or any person with like duties, to excuse his gruffness by pointing out the unreasonableness of people who travel. Of course, they are fussy, excitable and foolish. They always were and will be. It is a fixed condition, and must be taken as it stands, but the way to deal with it is to expect nothing else, and so accept it tolerantly and intelligently.

MACK.

ALL property owners, including women, in Shenandoah, Iowa, were entitled to vote the other day on a proposal to tax the railways. As there was a question as to the validity of the authority empowering women to cast votes, their ballots were kept in a separate box. The male vote gave a majority of eleven in favor of taxing railroads, while to the surprise of all, the women's votes, when counted, reversed the verdict and gave a majority of fifty against the proposal. The question now is: Did the women mean to do this, or did it just happen so? Perhaps they hate taxes anyway and will vote against them every time.

THIS is a world of change and unrest. While Mr. Byron E. Walker is over at Denver telling the American bankers what is wrong with their system, Mr. J. J. Harpell issues a pamphlet in Toronto telling everybody what's the matter with Canadian banking.

A DESPATCH from Rome states that Cardinal Merry del Val, the Papal Secretary of State, will retire, to make way for Cardinal Rampolla and a policy of dignified conciliation toward France. Like a great many other despatches in the press, this one is dressed out to please United States readers, claiming that the change largely resulted from protests made by Cardinal Gibbons and Archbishop Ireland against Merry del Val's severity towards modernism.

A N editor in New Zealand admits that the most disgusting thing about this mad race for wealth is the fact that he got left at the post.

THE SLEEPING GIANT

ACROSS the bay from Mount McKay
There sleeps the Giant of Thunder;
His bed on high, far up in the sky—
Why he chose it up there is a wonder.

He's been there a score of years or more,
As far as I can see;
With rock for a bed, rock under his head,
He's resting quite easily.

They can't wake him up; they've tried to enough,
But never a move has he made.
Though the wind it calls, and the rain it falls,
He's chloroformed, I'm afraid.

The only time you're aware that he's sleeping up there
Is when you hear his roar;
It echoes and thrills through the valleys and hills—
They say it's caused by his snore.

That rumbling sound is heard all around,
For miles far and wide.
I'm sure it would stop, or help a lot,
If he'd only turn on his side.

But he sleeps up there, quite unaware
A big town on his right has been set.
He has slept for years, and I have my fears
He'll sleep for a good many yet.

But when signs he'll make, that he's going to wake,
I hope that I'm there to see,
After all he's slept, what a shock he'll get—
What a surprised Giant he'll be!

H. G. DAVIS.

Hamilton, Sept., '08.

The Dust.

YEA, spit on me! Yea, spurn me with your feet!
Yea kings and seers and bards together!
For I am but the dust—the shapeless dust—
The sport of winds and of the weather!

Yet once the lightning of the flesh I wore;
Peal after peal like glorious thunder,
Once with the shock of being sweet as song
The senses shook my heart of wonder!

And once in burning hush of life's high noon,
I heard the rosy mouth of woman
Spilling love's voice of spikenard on the air—
Divine, and yet supremely human.

Yea, spit on me! Yea, spurn me with your feet!
Yea kings and seers and bards together!
Yet once your solemn robes of state I wore
Who now am sport of winds and weather!
—Edward Wilbur Mason, in The National Magazine.

A Few Words About Mr. Debs.

FROM HARPER'S WEEKLY we take this personal paragraph:

Robert Hunter explains about Debs, to wit, that he is an engaging person and much liked by those who know him and quite misunderstood by those who don't. The fact that he has repeatedly given up a good job to take a worse one has made Debs's practical neighbors think that he is a failure. His neighbors live in Terre Haute. They have seen him give up politics for trade-unions, give up a salaried job in the trade-union business for something not so good, and go from that into the Socialist movement, so they feel that Debs is not getting on. But Mr. Hunter says that Debs has been blundering about trying to find his true work, and that his best gift is not as an executive, an organizer, or a politician, but as a speaker. Therefore he turned agitator and, as Mr. Hunter says, has gone up and down the land for ten years "carrying the message of Socialism." In Oklahoma he has lately spoken to twenty thousand people at a lick. In Milwaukee twenty-five thousand have stood in the hot sun and listened to him, not because they meant to vote his way, but because, like Jim Riley and Eugene Field, they liked to hear him talk. And so, Mr. Hunter says, he has exchanged good positions and good prospects for the life of a wandering tramp preacher. That is an interesting view to take of Debs, and may edify some people who are used to think of him only as an itinerant fireworks factory. But all observers may not have acquired the same impression of him that Mr. Hunter has.

Should Governments or People Govern?

SATURDAY NIGHT has several times lately discussed the question of the tendency of Canadian Governments towards autocracy. In this connection an article in the London Morning Post concerning governmental tendencies in Britain is well worth quoting here. Should governments have a will of their own, or should they wait for the voice of the nation, and act only on that? This, according to The Morning Post, is one of the points raised by the Government action in connection with the Eucharistic procession:

"Many people would have preferred an earlier and more definite determination on the part of His Majesty's Government of the question or questions raised by the announcement of the proposed procession," writes The Post. "The decision, made at the eleventh hour and avoiding the issue of principle that had been raised, is peculiarly illustrative of the character, not merely of the present Government, but of all Governments, which are the outcome of democratic institutions. The habit of statesmen who owe their power to popular election, and to parties composed of a number of groups not quite identical in their political and social ideas, is not only to attach much stress to what Burke called the 'temper' of the people, but to adopt a way of judging of that temper which would hardly have commended itself to the eighteenth-century orator. Burke would have held it the statesman's function to divine the public instinct and to anticipate it in action. He would have expected the statesman to have his own instinct and his own will and to lead his followers."

"But a practice has long been growing up which is the reverse of leading. The statesmen of to-day are accustomed rather to scan the faces of their followers in the hope of receiving a hint as to the direction in which they are to move. Such a course may be thought to involve a renunciation of initiative and a shirking of responsibility. It does not tend to produce the strong characters who will risk themselves upon clear convictions of their own and trust to their own insight. To the hasty observer this kind of leadership may seem to imply a decay of what a century ago would have been

called the art of government, and undoubtedly in some matters of great national moment, especially in dealings with foreign States in times of stress and strain, it carries with it the impossibility of rapid decision and of strenuous, or, at any rate, of sudden action. In purely domestic affairs rapidity of decision is less important than that the policy adopted should be in conformity with the general trend of public feeling and intelligence.

"The great significance of the habit, which has been adopted or has imposed itself upon British statesmen of both parties, of rather considering the possible effect of their own actions upon their followers than of determining their course according to definite principles, lies in the demands which it makes upon the mass of the people. When the statesman waits to see what his followers think he throws upon them the responsibility of government. Probably this is exactly what commends itself to the theoretical advocates of democratic institutions. But the system implies in the people upon whom the responsibility is thus thrown qualities of character and intelligence of a very high order. The democratic theory asserts that in such cases the demand produces the supply."

Seeing Folk as They Are.

GOVERNEUR MORRIS in Everybody's gives us a new view of life at Newport. He says that Bailey's Beach is the nearest that Newport will ever get to trial marriage:

It does not, of course, furnish complete proofs of compatibility, but it gives considerable to go on. The possibility of hitching one's star to a cork leg or a cloven hoof is done away with. The man who continuously leaps into the air and enters the water stomach first is pretty sure to be good-natured; the woman who doesn't mind getting her hair wet will put up with greater trials, and those who literally bask in that frigid water, hour after hour, can of course stand anything. Think well, too, of that woman who is quickest to change from land to sea clothes, and vice versa. She will occasionally be on time.

Many other truths come home to one; the baleful influence of the shoe upon the male foot; the fact that the colors of expensive socks are not always fast; the resemblance between the distinguished foreigner, as he runs and skips and festively sports, and the sandpiper turned loose on a good feeding-ground; that the girl whom you saw at tennis in filmy, floating white things, and thought as slender and graceful as Canova's Psyche, has legs like the columns of Hercules (and doesn't care), that the walk which was dignified in the reading-room is a waddle on the beach; and that every man over thirty years of age, no matter how thin of arm and leg and chest and neck, looks as if he had swallowed one melon—whole.

The Quebec Bridge Commission.

PEAKING of the Quebec bridge The Engineering News, of New York, editorially gives high praise to the exhaustive investigation of the collapse of the old bridge, by the governmental commission, made up of Messrs. Holgate, Kerry and Galbraith. That journal says: "England itself, the home of royal commissions of investigation, has never, we fancy, produced a report that could fairly be set alongside the report rendered by these engineers. Their work has been and remains of absorbing interest to engineers, and the report constitutes a permanently valuable contribution to professional knowledge. Without a thorough investigation of this kind, of course, wise planning for the resumption of the project would have been impossible."

"What in some respects is the most weighty feature of that report is the picture it gives of the heterogeneous, uncentralized and non-responsible organization of the Quebec bridge work; we might say, the utter absence of authoritative, purposeful engineering direction. The underlying causes of this state of affairs are hardly even hinted at in the report, and they need not concern us now. The facts are clearly enough demonstrated again and again; we may take as sufficient proof the bald statement that the huge undertaking of erection was going on without the presence of the engineer-in-charge."

There is, however, to be no more of this. The work is to proceed under the direction of a board of experts.

A \$125,000 Picture Found by Accident.

ONE of the most remarkable news items to reach us recently from London is one that has caused a stir in the British art world. A large painting of a family group by Frans Hals, the Dutch master, has just come into the possession of the trustees of the National Gallery at a cost of £25,000, and will shortly be placed on view in the gallery.

Peculiar circumstances surround its acquisition, the picture having been purchased on the instalment plan, a certain sum having been paid down and the balance being spread over a number of years.

Half the purchase price—£12,500—has already been paid by the Exchequer, this sum being made up of a special grant of £7,500, and the sum of £5,000 voted annually by Parliament for the acquisition of pictures. The remainder has to be found by the trustees, who, unless some private individuals assist them, have only the annual grant to fall back upon. Consequently, the purchase of this picture mortgages the annual grant for 1909, 1910, and half of 1911, during which period the trustees will be without public money for the purchase of pictures for the nation.

Lord Talbot de Malahide was the owner of the picture, which until a few weeks ago was unknown practically to everyone. Mr. Buttery, the official picture cleaner and restorer to the National Gallery, was, in the ordinary course of his profession, summoned to Malahide Castle, some twelve miles from Dublin, to clean several pictures, and in the course of his work he discovered the now famous picture. As the picture had never been exhibited its existence was unknown even to experts.

THE new casts for the Central Ontario School of Art and Design recently purchased from Brucciani & Co., London, England, have just arrived in the city. They are to take the place of those destroyed by fire at the rooms of the Ontario Society of Artists last spring, and are just in time for the opening of the classes.

AT twelve o'clock noon on Tuesday the Toronto police raided ten places and arrested twenty-three persons charged with being keepers or frequenters of hand-book betting houses. Two women were among the prisoners. Betting has been freely indulged in of late, and the police thought it was time for another round-up.

REV. ARMSTRONG BLACK, of London, England, formerly of Toronto, was on Sunday last, inducted into the pastorate of Silverhill congregation, St. Leonard's-on-Sea, in the Presbytery of London South.

WM. STITT & CO.

MILLINERS, LADIES' TAILORS
AND COSTUMIERS
PLAIN AND FANCY TAILORED SUITS.
ARTISTIC DINNER AND EVENING
GOWNS.
WEDDING TROUSSEAUX.

Latest Creations in New Fall Millinery
from all the leading centres.

PARIS KID GLOVE STORE

LA GRECQUE—CORSETS—LA SPIRITE
11-13 KING STREET EAST, TORONTO

WALL PAPERS

Let your ideas on Wall Papers be what they will, you will find us able to satisfy them. The goods are here,—all crisp, bright and new, the prettiest offerings for shoppers you ever looked at. We want you to see them.

NOVELTIES are here—so are VALUES.
We make the combination irresistible.

Color schemes and estimates furnished for painting and decorating in all its branches.

The W. J. Bolus Co., Limited

245 YONGE STREET, TORONTO

A Wedding,
Reception or
Cotillion
Catering in most up-to-date ideas

Geo. S. McConkey
27-29-31 King St. West, Toronto

The
Coolest
Spot
In Town

If you are looking for that kind of a place to lunch and dine, your choice should fall on
The St. Charles Grill, 66-70 Yonge St.

THE "SAVOY"
Yonge and Adelaide Sts.
DELICIOUS CHOCOLATES and BON BONS
OF CREAMS, FRAPEES and ICES
JAPANESE TEA ROOMS
Luncheons, Afternoon Teas, Etc.
Special Lunch FOR BUSY PEOPLE EVERY DAY 12 till 2

Kay's Fine Furniture



A COLONIAL DRESSER IN FINE MAHOGANY
One of Several New Designs Lately Received.

John Kay Company,
36 and 38 King St. West, Limited
TORONTO

**DEBENTURES OF
ONTARIO TOWNS**
TO YIELD
5⁰/₁₀ TO 5³⁰/₁₀
A.E. AMES & CO., LTD.
7 King St. East, Toronto

ASSETS
\$7,905,847
CAPITAL (paid up) \$2,500,000
CAPITAL (unpaid) \$1,500,000
RESERVE FUND \$1,100,000
**CENTRAL
CANADA**
LOAN & SAVINGS
COMPANY
TORONTO
DEPOSITS RECEIVED
AND DEBENTURES
ISSUED

ESTABLISHED 1845
Send for particulars of
20 Payment Life Policy
with refunding
premiums.
**A GUARANTEED
OPTION**
Life Department
2729
Wellington St., E.
Telephone Main 6,000
TORONTO

**LONDON &
LANCASHIRE
FIRE**
INSURANCE COMPANY
8 Richmond St., E., Toronto
ALFRED WRIGHT, Manager

**GENERAL
FIRE and Life**
ASSURANCE CORPORATION
LIMITED
Capital \$1,000,000
CHARLES COCKSHUTT, Chairman
D. R. WILKIE, Vice-Chairman
T. H. HALL, Manager
Toronto Agents:
SZELISKI & McLEAN,
22 Toronto St.

Synopsis of Canadian North-west HOMESTEAD REGULATIONS

ANY even-numbered section of Dominion Lands in Manitoba, Saskatchewan and Alberta, excepting 8 and 26, not reserved, may be homesteaded by any person who is the sole head of a family, or any male over 18 years of age, to the extent of one-quarter section of 160 acres, more or less.

Application for entry must be made in person by the applicant at a Dominion Lands Agency or Sub-agency for the district in which the land is situated. Entry by proxy may, however, be made at any Agency on certain conditions by the father, mother, son, daughter, brother or sister of an intending homesteader.

Duties.—(1) At least six months' residence upon and cultivation of the land in each year for three years.

(2) A homesteader may, if he so desires, perform the required residence duties by living on farming land owned solely by him, not less than eighty (80) acres in extent, in the vicinity of his homestead. He may also do so by living with father or mother, on certain conditions. Joint ownership in land will not meet this requirement.

(3) A homesteader intending to perform his residence duties in accordance with the above while living with parents or on farming land owned by himself must notify the Agent for the district of such intention.

W. W. CORY,
Deputy of the Minister of the Interior

N.B.—Unauthorized publication of this advertisement will not be paid for.

THE INVESTOR

TORONTO, OCT. 1.

THERE is some improvement in general business in this province. The better feeling is due to easier money, and to the satisfactory manner in which crops are being moved to the seaboard. Conditions are sound, with speculation eliminated to a large extent. The farming community is favored with exceptionally good prices as well as bountiful crops, while the credit of the country has enabled us to borrow in Britain all the capital necessary, at reasonable rates, for the prosecution of public undertakings, which will eventually make the Dominion an exporter to be reckoned with in the world's commerce. The building of great transportation lines is giving employment to great masses of people, and while these works are under way there is no need to fear or look for a depression in trade. As a consumer as well as an exporter, this country has few equals on a per capita basis, and the possibilities for future development in the export line are almost unlimited. With increasing confidence in the business community there must soon come a larger and more active trade. The banks are already showing more disposition to encourage legitimate commerce. They are now in good shape, with ample resources, and on the whole, the outlook is more cheering than at any time in the past two years. Gold continues to be imported from New York, and the total inward movement of this metal for three months aggregates about \$13,000,000. This specie import may be continued, but at the present time our banks do not need outside assistance in crop moving, in consequence of the already large reserves and increased note-issuing powers. Low as interest rates abroad continue, it may be that some of the banks will prefer leaving additions to their surplus funds in the shape of balances abroad, rather than of cash at home.

Favorable features are the increases in bank clearings, and comparatively better railway earnings. No better evidence of the condition of trade could be given. The improvement may not be general, but it is safe to say that in many branches of trade greater activity is perceptible. The gross earnings of the Canadian Pacific Railway for the third week of September, for instance, actually showed an increase as compared with the corresponding week of last year, and this increase in weekly gross earnings was the first reported since the beginning of March. Then, too, the net earnings for August of the same road increased something like \$8,700. The Grand Trunk return of traffic for the third week of September also showed improvement, the decrease as compared with a year ago being much less than of late. The Vice-President of the Grand Trunk, who has just completed a tour of inspection over the line, it is said, will return to England to lay before the shareholders a most encouraging prospect as far as the development of traffic is concerned, and a most favorable report as to the general condition of the property.

The statement is often made, and it is generally accepted as truth, that business in Canada cannot go very far to the bad as long as the crops reaped are good. This year, while the capacity to buy has declined to some extent, value for many necessary farm products hold firm at the high range of last season. There is no pronounced tendency to re-action in wheat, oats, provisions, or other agricultural necessities, but iron, steel, and other manufactured products are probably lower than twelve months ago. The farmer has become a business man as well as tiller of the soil. The advance movement in agricultural education is revolutionizing farm management and increasing production per acre. The sustained prices for farm produce are governed by demand and supply. The farmer becomes a student of agricultural conditions and anticipates domestic and foreign demand in operating his estate. The high prices for farm products are the foundation of the present prosperity of the farmer. The system of marketing agricultural products has much to do with stability as well as increasing consumption. Many leading farm industries are organized for marketing farm crops, and the best markets are sought for the annual surplus.

Locally, there is nothing specially new in the monetary line. If anything the money market is easier, lenders showing more of a disposition to put out their funds. Large supplies necessarily keep rates down, while there is little or no evidence to indicate a return to dearer money. But this satisfactory state from a borrower's standpoint has no appreciative influence on the stock market. In fact securities have been very dull and irregular, in spite of many published reports that this and that stock are cheap and ought to have an upward movement. However, there has been no pressure to sell, and the floating supply is probably less than for months past. C. P. R., Mexican Light and Power, and Nova Scotia Steel are, it is true, several points higher, but the trading in these issues is limited. It is said that Mexican L. & P. will be merged with Mexican Tramway Company. Sir George Drummond has resigned the Presidency of the first-named company, and has been succeeded by Mr. E. S. Clouston of the Bank of Montreal, while Mr. H. V. Meredith, assistant general manager of the big bank, has gone on the Board of directors. The Light and Power Co. has declared a quarterly dividend of one per cent, payable Oct. 15. Canadian companies pay out something more than \$12,000,000 in dividends during the current month. The amount will exceed that paid out the same month last year. The C. P. R. is paying dividends on a large amount of stocks, while many of the Cobalt companies are now on a dividend basis.

An unusually heavy movement in wheat has taken place in Canada and the United States since the crop was harvested. From July 1 to Sept. 19, the receipts of wheat at interior points aggregated 72,460,000 bushels against 58,437,000 bushels the corresponding period of last year, 66,469,000 bushels in 1906, and 65,139,000 bushels during the same period in 1905. The visible supply in Canada is now 7,668,000 bushels as compared with 4,996,000 bushels a year ago. The visible supply in America last week increased 5,000,000 bushels. The difference in the

movement now and one year ago is also shown by the fact that visible wheat supplies for the corresponding week of a year ago in the United States and Canada actually fell off 590,000 bushels. The change in the situation of visible supplies since the beginning of the present cereal year is illustrated by the fact that all American supplies are now 18,000,000 bushels smaller than a year ago, whereas on July 4 they were 44,000,000 bushels smaller. In other words United States and Canadian visible supplies combined are now only 30 per cent, smaller than a year ago, whereas on July 4 they were less than one-third those held on the same date in 1907.

Mr. W. R. McInnes, freight traffic manager of the C. P. R., who has returned from a six weeks' trip through the west, said that the C.P.R. and C.N.R. were moving last week 1,000 cars of wheat a day, or about one million bushels. Mr. McInnes estimates the Canadian western crop at 108,000,000 bushels. The out crop, estimated at 2,000,000 acres at 35 bushels to acre, giving a total of 91,000,000 bushels. Barley has an average of 855,650, at 28 bushels to the acre, giving 24,000,000 bushels in all. The whole crop will, it is estimated, mean \$130,000,000 to \$135,000,000 to the country.

There was no indication in the New York bank statement last week of any change in the money market in the near future. The decrease in loans and deposits reduced the reserve required so that in spite of the loss in cash, which, according to the statement of averages was only about one-third of the loss indicated by the reported movements of currency, the decrease in the surplus was less than .1 of 1 per cent, leaving that item still above \$50,000,000, against all deposits, and over \$52,000,000 not counting reserve against United States deposits. The surplus reserve continues to be in excess of that in any prior year since 1894. At this time four years ago, the surplus, which at the beginning of 1904 was very nearly the same as in this year, had declined to \$19,913,425. This is evidence that the recovery in 1904 from the depression of 1903 was more rapid than the recovery this year from the panic of 1907. It seems reasonably certain, however, that the demand for cash at the interior will reduce the surplus of the New York banks considerably between now and Dec. 1. Advances from the west report a considerable demand for currency for the movement of the crops, but also add that the country banks are much better prepared now than ever before to finance this movement. It will be entirely without precedent if the country banks at the west are able to finance the crop movement, without drawing upon their reserve cities and without drafts in consequence for cash drawn by the banks of the reserve cities upon New York.

Paris again purchased the new gold (\$5,000,000) offered in London on Monday. The Bank of France already carries \$650,000,000 of gold, or almost \$100,000,000 more than a year ago. Never before has the institution been so rich in the yellow metal, yet it loses no opportunity to increase its holdings even at the cost of a considerable premium over the mint price. No doubt the governors have been influenced by the forthcoming Russian requirements, yet it is an established rule of the French bank to keep on hand as large a supply of gold as possible. New York international bankers have been discussing the possibility of gold exports from that country to France. Exchange has been on a basis that would have permitted such a movement had the Bank of France agreed to pay interest during transit, but the bank is so extraordinarily strongly situated already that this concession is not likely to be granted. The principal European banks are to-day carrying almost \$300,000,000 more bullion than they carried at this time last year before the panic started in New York.

Not Fair to the Press.

WHAT are we coming to? If this sort of thing is not nipped in the bud it will be impossible for the honest journalist to get a living, and even the liberty of the press may be endangered. A certain lady, named in full by the New York press, has been interviewed by a reporter and requested to make public the real inside history of her dispute with her husband and the likelihood of divorce proceedings. It was a natural request, a simple request, and it ought to have been granted. It was a matter of general interest, and the public had a right to know precisely how the domestic trouble began, and the daily and nightly record of its progress. But the lady declined to give the desired particulars. Scornfully flouting the public curiosity, she refused to discuss the matter with the reporter, and as a result what might have been a spicy revelation was withheld from a waiting world. Has the press no rights then?

But there is worse to come. The enterprising reporter, thus baffled at the fountain head of knowledge, was still undaunted. The lady had a father and she had also a French maid. The battle for the public was not yet lost, and even when the father was obdurate in his refusal to chatter and gossip the reporter still remained hopeful. Indeed, in his magnanimous generosity, he made excuses for the father. Evil communications do corrupt good manners and association with a daughter thus lacking in public spirit and good feeling had doubtless infected him. But will it be believed that the maid also refused to say a word? She may have overheard things upon the back stairs, and echoes of domestic turmoil may have been wafted through the keyhole. Confidential letters may have been at her mercy, and even midnight visitors may have been within her cognizance. Alas, we shall never know, and we must accept the reticence of the French maid—hussy that she is—as evidence of a degenerate age, or perhaps only of the concentrated effete-ness of Europe. Anyway, this alien invasion ought to be stopped. As a result of all this contumacy we have something almost like an apology from one of the great New York newspapers. Mindful of its sacred trust to the public, and being unable to fulfil that trust to its own satisfaction, it explains to us with something suspiciously like a sob in its voice that it really did its best. It tried the lady and it tried her father and it tried her maid, but it was of no avail. The boudoir door remained shut, and even the backstairs was unresponsive.—The Argonaut.

BANK OF HAMILTON

No formality or
delay in opening
SAVINGS ACCOUNTS.

Large or small sums may
be deposited or withdrawn
as desired.

TORONTO: 34 Yonge St.
Branches in Toronto: Cor. Queen and Spadina,
Cor. College and Ossington, Cor. York, E. and
Gould. West Toronto.

THE BANK OF OTTAWA

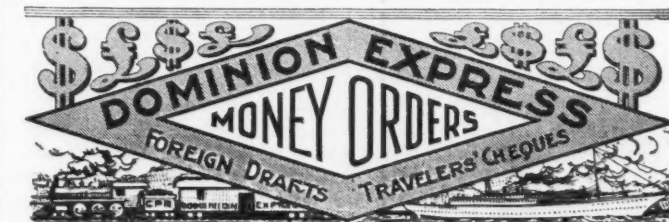
Solicits your Savings Account. Highest current rate of interest paid
4 times a year. A deposit of \$1.00 or upward starts an account.

TORONTO OFFICES:
37 King St. East—Broadview and Gerrard—Queen and Pape

The Rest Room in connection with the Women's Department
of this Bank is for the use of visitors to the City as well as for
our women customers. It is a pleasant place for meeting
friends or holding a short business conference.

THE NORTHERN CROWN BANK

34 KING STREET WEST, TORONTO



ISSUED IN DOLLARS, POUNDS STERLING, FRANCS
MARKS, RUBLES, LIRES, KRONEN, ETC.

**PAYABLE ALL OVER
THE WORLD**

AGENTS IN ALL PRINCIPAL CITIES AND TOWNS IN CANADA
GENERAL OFFICES: TORONTO

\$1.00 OPENS AN ACCOUNT IN THE SAVINGS
DEPARTMENT OF **\$1.00**

THE METROPOLITAN BANK

Interest compounded four times a year. No delay in withdrawal.

Capital Paid-up \$1,000,000.00
Reserve Fund and Undivided Profits \$1,241,532.28

The Royal Bank of Canada

HAVE REMOVED TO THE
BANK'S NEW BUILDING

No. 10 King Street East - - Toronto

THE SAFETY OF YOUR MONEY

is of the first importance to you who are trying to save a part
of your income, more especially if your income is small.

THE BANK OF TORONTO

offers you in its Savings Department a perfectly safe place in
which to keep your money. Accounts may be opened for
amounts, small or large, and interest is added to all balances
four times a year.

Capital \$4,000,000
Reserve 4,500,000
Assets \$8,000,000

IMPERIAL BANK

OF CANADA

Capital Authorized - \$10,000,000.00
 Capital Paid-Up - \$4,970,000.00
 Reserves - \$4,970,000.00

Branches in Toronto

Head Office, Wellington Street and Leader Lane.
 Yonge and Queen Streets.
 Yonge and Bloor Streets.
 King and York Streets.
 West Market and Front Streets.
 King Street and Spadina Avenue.
 Bloor Street and Lansdowne Avenue.
 King and Sherbourne Streets.

SAVINGS DEPARTMENT

Interest allowed on deposits from date of deposit and credited quarterly.

Buyers Should Remember

that the maker's mark on silver plated ware is the only means of identifying the best. Bear in mind that forks, spoons, knives, etc., stamped with the famous trade mark

"1847 Rogers Bros."

are the highest grade made. With this imprint as a guide you can buy "Silver Plate That Wears" as safely as an expert. This stamp is also a guarantee that each piece is perfect in artistic design and finish.

"Silver Plate That Wears" is backed by the reputation of the largest makers of Silver Plated and Solid Silverware in America. There is none "just as good." Insist on having

"1847 Rogers Bros."

All first-class dealers can supply these goods. If they hesitate to supply them, let us know and we will see that you get them.

MERIDEN BRITANNIA CO., LIMITED
 HAMILTON, ONTARIO

GRAND TRUNK RAILWAY SYSTEM

HUNTERS' EXCURSIONS

Return Tickets at SINGLE FARE
 Oct. 6th to Nov. 3rd

TO CERTAIN TERRITORIES
 Return limit Dec. 5th, or until close of navigation, if earlier, to points reached by steamers.

Hamilton Race Train 1 p.m.
 Sept. 29th to Oct. 10th.

Full information at City Office, north-west corner King and Yonge Sts.

CANADIAN PACIFIC

HUNTERS' EXCURSIONS

RETURN TICKETS ON SALE AT
 SINGLE FARE
 OCT. 6 TO NOV. 3

to all stations between Toronto and Arthur, inclusive, and to best hunting points in Quebec and New Brunswick.

OCT. 22 TO NOV. 3

to all stations between the Soo Harbors and Lake Huron, and to the Lindsay Branch.

RETURN LIMIT DEC. 5th, 1908
 Stop-overs anywhere.

Ask ticket agent for free copies of "Fishing and Shooting," "Sport-man's Map," "Open Seasons for Game and Fish," and any information, or write R. L. Thompson, D.P.A., Toronto.

HUNTING

THE BEST DEER
 HUNTING IN CANADA
 ON THE

Canadian Northern Ontario

Last year nearly 1,000 Deer were shot in 27 miles between Shawanaga and Still River.

This year the line is operating to Sudbury, opening up the most desired country around the Pickering and French Rivers.

HUNTERS' EXCURSIONS
 SINGLE FARE FOR THE ROUND TRIP

Write Passenger Dept., Canadian Northern Building, Toronto, for copy of "Horse Trails and Deer Tracks" illustrated, containing maps, Game Laws.

Metallic Walls and Ceilings

Suitable for Store, Office or Home. Fire-proof, Sanitary, Artistic. Expert workmanship, beautiful designs.

F. R. BAGLEY
 Cor. King and Dufferin Sts.
 Phone Park 800

Notes From New York

From Our Own Correspondent

New York, Sept. 30, 1908.

MR. WILLIAM RANDOLPH HEARST, who has almost been forgotten in the present campaign, has come into the limelight this past week with startling theatrical effect, throwing bombshells into the ranks of both political parties with characteristic independence and true anarchistic glee. The net result of his activity has, on the whole, been favorable to the Republicans, for it enabled the President to get into the field and deliver one of his characteristic broadsides at the harassing enemy. The moral effect, at least on Republicans, is everywhere evident, and the slump that was only too noticeable in Republican stock has for the time been checked.

Up to the time of these disclosures there is no denying that Bryan was making headway. He has been the aggressor from the start, and it was becoming painfully evident that, on the hustings at least, the Republican candidate was no match for this "adroit critic"—to use one of Mr. Hughes' apt phrases. Governor Hughes proved himself more than a match in his Youngstown speech, but the Governor is not the Presidential candidate. Mr. Hearst probably did not stop to consider that, in exposing Senator Foraker, who up to a few weeks ago was the open enemy of Taft, and a frank critic of the Roosevelt administration, he was doing both the President and Mr. Taft a welcome service, much more to their liking than the temporary truce that had been arranged. Grandstand play is the President's specialty, as everyone knows, and what could suit him better than this opportunity to promptly purge his own party, and then publicly expose his enemies' weakness in failing to follow his heroic example? Mr. Bryan's telegraphic reply in defence of his friend the Oklahoma Governor and Treasurer of the Democratic National Committee, sounded well, but the President had reserved his trump card, as events showed, and Haskell had to go.

The haste of both political parties to repudiate all connection with corporate interests is of course the feature—an amusing one to the onlooker—of the campaign, and before the weeding process is completed we shall probably witness a number of similar encounters. Whoever is elected the demagogue wins. Democrats will be more wary from now on, however, of drawing out the watchful, resourceful President, who seems prepared to defy all the written and unwritten laws of his office to insure his party's success. Who knows but he may even take the stump, if the exigencies of the situation, to his mind, demand it? He has defied every other convention, and the part he has already taken would be thought indecent in any other country than this. Here, however, what succeeds is right, and Roosevelt always succeeds.

BUT the timely charge of San Juan's hero on the enemy's flank is not the only cheering event of the week for local Republicans. In the nomination of Independence party candidates for governor and other State offices, of which the only result will be the natural alienation of a considerable vote that would otherwise have gone into the Democratic column, Republican success in the State seems doubly assured. The Independent ticket, headed by Clarence J. Shearn, a prominent New York lawyer, is a fairly strong one, and judging from the temper of the Cooper Union meeting, there will be no compromise with either party. Both the party nominees were held up to public execration by Mr. Hearst—Hughes as the friend of corporate interests and Chanler as a renegade and the pocket-piece of Murphy, worn smooth in the two years he has been carrying it. Our contest, you see, is becoming just as acrimonious as your own, and the issues equally indiscernible.

THE Mardi Gras is Coney Island's grand finale, the annual pageant on which she lavishes all the treasure of her tawdry wardrobe and jewel box. Summer, real summer, has passed, and this triumphal march through the city devoted to her versatile charms is symbolic of that passing. Coney is a land of make-believe, and in this last riot of color and light and tinsel Coney's mad childhood and make-believe are complete. This culminating effort to amuse and be amused is timed for late September, for Coney hates to close up, hates to be left to the long winter nights, and she is as sensitive to garish day as a painted blonde, which she somehow always suggests, night or day.

The way to Coney is not a pleasant one at any time, but at this season, in the premature darkness of early autumn nights, it is almost desolate. Summer sometimes at least casts a glamor over a scene, even when beauty is impossible to it. Miles of uniform brown tenement dwellings, with their suggestion of monotonous domesticity, and then miles of reclaimed swamp—reclaimed, but, alas, not regenerated, by ash siftings, old bed-springs, tomato tins and the general refuse of canned city life—do not suggest an interesting picture. The darkness at least provides a merciful covering to much of the realistic detail, and if it were not for the evidence of other senses the scene, with a little imagination, might resolve itself into an unoffending though drearily monotonous prairie waste, relieved here and there by a patch of stubby grass or the shimmer of a stagnant pool. The Brooklyn Rapid Transit is rapid in name only, but eventually the thick wall of odor is parted by a strong wave of salt air, chill but invigorating, and we know the Atlantic is not far off. Over in the south-east, too, the sky is taking on a pink hue, like a lingering sunset, which slowly reddens, then bursts into a lurid nebulous glow. Soon the glow begins to take on form, or, rather, within the glow the outline of towers, turrets, battlements and minarets can be traced in liquid gold against the sky. Then more turrets, then walls and dream palaces, and then the magic city itself, rising out of the nebulous mist as if in answer to a magician's wand.

The train has hardly stopped before we are caught in the irresistible human tide and borne through the gates into the brilliantly lighted streets of the strange unreal city. Coney is always bright, a fairland of dazzling brightness, but to-night and during the *fete*, in addition to the (extra)ordinary illumination, garlands of electric bulbs in all colors are festooned across the leading thoroughfare, making a veritable roof of stars. Architecturally, Coney is a conglomeration—Egyptian, Persian, Moorish all lending something to the mass, Moorish perhaps predominating. The types are variously Eastern too—East side, to be more explicit, whose playground it is. And all that is needed to give this curious dream-city the reality of an Arabian Nights scene are the costumes. But for the familiar ready-to-wear evidences of

New York tailormen, Broadway might be ten thousand miles away instead of ten. At every step are the confetti hawkers—also Eastern—ready to fill both your pockets for a nickel. Before you have gone the length of Surf avenue, however, you are likely to have more than your pockets filled without the expenditure of even that small coin. Confetti is the chief diversion of this throng, and nothing can save you from occasional assault, not even your most indifferent, pre-occupied air. Even homeliness, I proved, offers no protection against this vigorous form of coquetry. It is difficult to explain all this sometimes, difficult to inculcate any kind of feminine charity toward these semi-hysterical assailants, with your every garment pouring confetti on carpets and rugs. The veterans, I noticed, tabooed hats altogether and wore veils, tightly drawn over their heads and faces. The reason was soon obvious.

The feature of the Mardi Gras is the parade of illuminated floats representative of everything. At the head of this pageant are borne the King and Queen of the Mardi Gras, duly elected by popular vote through the medium of an enterprising newspaper, much in the same way as the most popular preacher and undertaker were selected in Toronto not so many years ago. Last year the choice fell on a popular brewer. This year an alderman, under the picturesque name of Brown, won the coveted honor. Popp, the fair consort's name, lacks the romantic elements of Brown, but it is singularly suggestive of Coney, and was Coney's choice. The *fete* lasted a week, and crowds estimated at not less than half a million crossed the fetid (this is not a pun) area nightly to contribute to the fun-making. Seven hundred police stationed at intervals of ten feet, and fifty firemen as many hydrants were on hand to keep order.

MR. ISRAEL ZANGWILL, the well-known writer and leader in the Zionist movement, landed in New York the other day with a handbag of epigrams and a new play dealing with America's process of assimilating foreign elements, which he has appropriately named "The Melting Pot." The author would not disclose the plot, although he disclaims any attempt at secrecy. He talked freely of the suffragettes, home rule, the English stage, and, of course, Zionism. Of the Zionist movement, Palestine, Mr. Zangwill says, is the ideal country for his race, but it cannot be had, and they have practically fixed on a spot in Northern Africa for their colonization scheme. These efforts of Mr. Zangwill and others are no doubt inspired by a very noble dream, but to the ordinary observer it would seem that his compatriots are finding America a good enough country for them, and if anybody goes to Africa, it is safe betting that it will not be they.

THE theatrical events of the week, as already forecast, were a new comedy entitled "Father and Son," by Edgar Selwyn, whom you have just seen in his dramatization of "Pierre"; a revival of "The Prisoner of Zenda," by Mr. Hackett; Mr. Belasco's annual production, "The Fighting Hope," with Blanche Bates in the leading role; and "Mater," a charming comedy by Percy Mackaye, produced under the direction of Mr. Henry Miller.

Of these the last named is the most important, as it is also one of the most poetic and literary of the season's offerings, rich as the season's gifts have been in these qualities. Mr. Mackaye has chosen for this effort a political atmosphere, exposing a delicious vein of comedy in a setting of wholesome worldly-minded wisdom. "Mater," the sunny widow of a senator, whom she has evidently assisted in his career, has two very serious children, one a daughter whom she describes as a "parlor philanthropist," and the other a son, who is consumed with an ambition to carry on his father's great work. Overburdened with ponderous theories for the common weal, he has almost antagonized his party, when his mother's quick wit and opportunism comes to the rescue, hoodwinking the machine politician and insuring her son's honest election. When it is all over she asks the hoodwinked one:

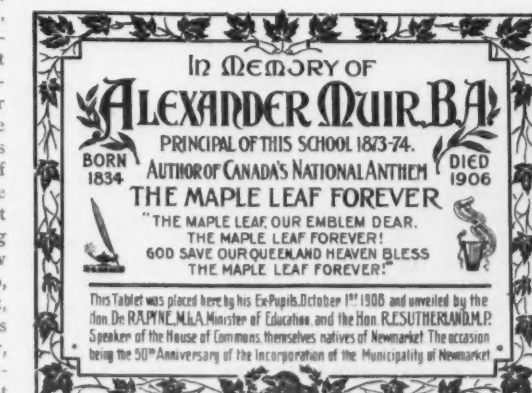
"Do you think my son will succeed in politics?"

"Mater," he replies, bowing low, "with such a mother your son would succeed in hell."

"Then I must be a devil of a mother," is her prompt reply.

The theme seems to have something in common with Barrie's new play, "What Every Woman Knows," and even the funny-bone has a mention in the Mackaye play. The keynote of "Mater" is in the refrain of a little song effectively introduced, "The Test of Love is Laughter." One may also add that it is among the tests of a good comedy.

The new offerings for the present week are "The Offenders," with Robert Edison, postponed from last, said to be a political play, and another on a similar subject, "A Gentleman from Mississippi," by Thomas A. Wise, in which the author will play the leading role. J. E. W.



THE TABLET TO ALEXANDER MUIR, Author of Canada's Song, "The Maple Leaf," unveiled at Newmarket, Oct. 1.

The doubloon is doomed, as its fellow, the "piece of eight," long has been. A few weeks ago it was proclaimed by the common crier, from the steps of the Royal Exchange of London, that the doubloon is no longer legal tender in the West Indies and British Guiana. Thus these magical names, which recall Robinson Crusoe, and pirate stories without number, are relegated forever to romance.

M. Clemenceau, the French premier, is a martyr to indigestion and has been a regular visitor to Carlsbad for the past twenty years. It is easier to direct a government than a stomach.

AN AUTHORIZED TRUSTEE INVESTMENT

The Debentures issued by this Corporation are a security in which Executors and Trustees are authorized to invest Trust Funds. They bear interest at Four Per Cent, per annum, payable half-yearly. They are issued in sums of one hundred dollars and upwards, as may be desired by the investor, and for terms of one or more years. Interest is computed from the date on which the money is received. They have long been a favorite investment of Benevolent and Fraternal Institutions, and of British and Canadian Fire and Life Assurance Companies, largely for deposit with the Canadian Government, being held by such institutions to the amount of more than One Million Dollars. A miniature specimen Debenture, with Interest Coupons attached, will be forwarded on application.

CANADA PERMANENT MORTGAGE CORPORATION
 TORONTO STREET TORONTO



Lea's "TID-BIT PICKLES"

The Piece de Resistance.

PACKED IN TWELVE VARIETIES

The Lea Pickling and Preserving Co., LIMITED
 SIMCOE, ONT.



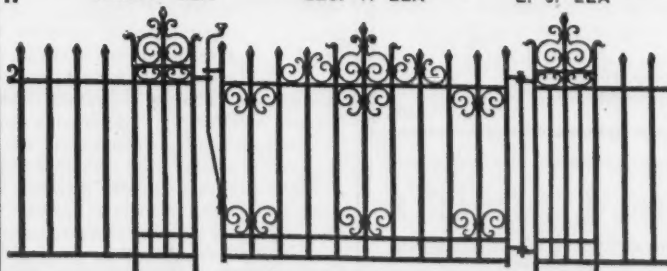
We are doing our best to keep up Toronto's Reputation for Well-dressed Women.

We Tailor you a Beautiful French Broadcloth, hand braided and trimmed, including silk drop, at \$75.00

We give you the same style, fit and finish in our Man-tailored Suit, (to your order) at \$35.00

G. L. MacKay
 Ph. M. 5266 101 Yonge

CANADIAN ORNAMENTAL IRON CO.



PROTECT AND BEAUTIFY YOUR LAWNS
 with an artistic Iron Fence. Special designs made to suit any requirement.
 OFFICE: 35 YONGE STREET ARCADE
 Telephone Main 4662 and our representative will call with designs and prices.

Life, New York, remarks: Some countries are fadless. Therefore they sink into old fogyism, and we rarely hear of them again. It is only by constantly creating new fads that any country can hope to hold its own. This is why, among the nations of the earth, we are so proud and happy and pre-eminent.

Fads are either domestic or imported. The imported fads are in the greatest demand. Most of our fads come from England and France. A few—like the kindergarten—are from Germany. What is a fad? The answer is not so easy, but let us try. A fad is a friendly visitor that we ask in, hug to our bosoms, give the best room in the house, and then kick out of the back door.

Or, a fad is a mechanical toy with an appearance of usefulness, that we wind up once, and then throw away the key. If it were not for our fads we would not be the serious people that we are. But in taking them up and dropping them we have a permanent occupation.

Once we had a roller skating fad, a bicycle fad and a ping pong fad. This was succeeded by the investigating fad, the most amusing of all, not only because it furnished more fun, but was shorter, and brevity is always the soul of wit.

We now have the economy fad. It is instructive, and has the charm of novelty.

Stephens' Ink is pleasant to write with and follows the pen ungrudgingly, even when much evaporated in the inkstand. It is the best ink for fountain pens. Resolutely refuse substitutes of

Stephens' Ink



BREDIN'S HOME-MADE BREAD

If nothing more were said for it than that "The Quality Goes in before the name goes on,"

That's enough guarantee to have you test this sweet, tasty, nutritious and wholesome loaf.

Try it — 5 cents — at your grocer's.



WILSON'S INVALIDS' PORT

(A la Quina du Perou)
Invigorates the system — Makes pure blood.

BIG BOTTLE

All Druggists, Everywhere 105

Lace Curtains, Chair and Sofa Covers, and Household Draperies

Done up like new

by

The Yorkville Laundry
47 Elm Street.

SEND US YOUR CURTAINS.

Full housecleaning has begun. Your curtains need cleaning to look fresh and new for the many social events of the coming season. We are specialists in cleaning curtains. Phone for our wages.

R. PARKER & CO.

Dyers and Cleaners, Toronto

201 and 701 Yonge St., 59 King St. W., 471 and 1344 Queen St. W., 277 Queen St. E.

CATERING

For Banquets, Weddings, Parties, Social Teas, etc. a specialty. (First-class service guaranteed. Estimates given).

ROBT. J. LLOYD & CO.

744-746 Yonge Street
Phone N. 3088, N. 187

BIOGRAPHY IN CAPSULE

No. 2.

GEORGE TAYLOR DENISON, Police Magistrate, is prominent in the community for a variety of reasons.

On his fifth birthday he complained to his immediate household that a set of toy soldiers was useless to him, because the uniform of the Prussian cavalry was not of the proper hue. The lad spent one morning laying siege to a Noah's ark with a handful of lead dragoons, and by pushing the soldiers out in fours from an encircling clump of trees, gave the enemy to imagine his army was thrice its real number.

The ark was captured with great slaughter, one maimed elephant alone escaping. With his A B C blocks George Taylor Denison arranged a series of redoubts, said by military experts by whom he was surrounded, to be impregnable.

At the age of six, with no previous instruction, he startled everyone by reading at sight half a page from the Quarterly Militia List. As a youth, George T. Denison entered a law office and was thus forced to study some law, but when an attempt was made to make him a full-fledged lawyer, he pleaded not guilty and elected to be tried summarily. He was appointed Police Magistrate at the era in Toronto when everyone knew whom you meant if you spoke of "Mr. Green." Magistrate Denison has stated several times in court that he knows nothing of law, and it is said that Mayor Oliver and the corporation counsel (vide daily papers) fully coincide with this statement.

The Magistrate was brevetted Colonel for his military services. He has refused from the Russian Government the Imperial Order of the Mujacks. This honor was proffered in acknowledgment of the invaluable services rendered by the publication of Colonel Denison's manual on cavalry tactics. This book attained great vogue at Aldershot, was regarded as the basis of manoeuvres of British army cavalry, and it still is. The Russians practised assiduously every wrinkle in it, just prior to the Russo-Japanese war.

Colonel Denison is of a religious trend of mind. He has done more to keep up the congregation of Governor Chambers' chapel over the Don than any other man in the community. He believes that law was made for lawyers, and justice for the police court. He is a man of many and sometimes strong convictions: his sentences, when he speaks on the Bench, are well-turned and to the point, the average being about thirty days.

Colonel Denison has very decided views on intoxication, burglary, wife-beating, etc., and he advises hundreds of people whose views differ with his, to retire for a while and think over the subject, providing them nooks for the purpose where absolute privacy will be insured.

"I am not a Patriot, Thank God!"

"I AM not a patriot, thank God," writes Mr. A. E. Fletcher, who once edited the London Daily Chronicle so brilliantly. "Patriotism: crucified Christ," he continues in The Clarion, "and has been the chief cause of all the agony and strife that have made a tragedy of human history. The greatest movements affecting the destiny of humanity have been not national, but international. The French Revolution failed only when it ceased to be for humanity and became national. All the great men in Europe on the eve of the Revolution, as my old friend and colleague William Clarke pointed out, regarded themselves as citizens of the world rather than of any particular country."

"Goethe confessed that he did not care to know what patriotism meant. Lessing, Rousseau, Kant, Lavater, Condorcet, Priestly, and Gibbon were, like Socrates, cosmopolitan. It is the glory of science that it knows no country. The award of their gold medal the other day to Sir William Ramsay by the French scientists reminds me of the intellectual entente that has always existed between Great Britain and France. This entente was not destroyed even when we were at war with Napoleon. "During that great struggle, a committee of the French Institute awarded to Sir Humphrey Davy the gold medal founded by Napoleon himself for the best experiment on the galvanic fluid. On that committee sat Laplace and Coulomb. There were plenty of fools in the English newspaper offices and elsewhere at that time who denounced Davy for accepting the award. Patriotism, they said, demanded that he should refuse it. Sir Humphrey fortunately scorned this objection. "Some people," he said to his friend Poole, 'say I ought not to accept this prize, and there have been foolish paragraphs in the papers to that effect; but if the two countries or Governments are at war the men of science are not. That would indeed be a civil war of the worst description. We should rather, through the instrumentality of men of science, soften the asperities of national hostility.' "The intellectual entente, however, dates much further back than the days of Sir Humphrey Davy and the famous French savants of a hundred years ago. When Mary Queen of Scots was on her throne the relations between France and Scotland were of a very intimate character, and there was a Scottish college in Paris where George Buchanan, tutor to Mary and her son James, graduated and taught. Buchanan was the most famous Latinist of his age, and he fully recognized the international character of learning. He taught not only in France, but in Italy, Spain, and Portugal. It was while he was professor at Coimbra, in Portugal, that he

was seized by the Inquisition for heresy and thrown into a dungeon, where he lingered for five years. In his famous work, 'De Jure Regni,' which earned for him the title of 'Father of Liberalism,' he boldly laid down the doctrine that kings exist by the will of and for the good of the people, and not vice versa.

"Both Rousseau and Voltaire were greatly influenced by British thought, and lived for some time in England. In his home at Wootton, in Staffordshire, offered him by David Hume, Rousseau compiled his 'Botanical Dictionary' and wrote his famous 'Confessions.' Voltaire was a master of the tongue that Shakespeare spoke, and wrote in English 'Philosophical Essays,' an 'Essay on Epic Poetry,' and an 'Essay on the Civil Wars of France.' Referring to the contrast between English and French writers, Condorcet wrote concerning Voltaire's English experience: 'That contrast could not fail to excite the enthusiasm of a man like Voltaire, who since his youth had fought against prejudice. The example of England showed him that truth is not intended to remain a secret among a few philosophers. . . . From that moment Voltaire felt it his duty to destroy the prejudices of every kind by which his country was enslaved.'"

The New Spirit of the Farm.

IN the course of an article on "The New Spirit of the Farm," in the Outing Magazine for September, Miss Agnes C. Laut, who has written many interesting articles on agricultural progress in Canada's West, says:

"When you consider that the boll weevil has caused a loss of as much as fifteen million dollars in a single year in a single state, and the potato bug ten million dollars in all the United States, and the Rocky Mountain locust a loss of one hundred million dollars in a single year—need one ask what bearing bird-life has on the farm? The birds are sent to do what we can't do—destroy the multitudinous pests. It brings you back to that old idea, the focus and centre of gravity with the whole New Spirit of the Farm—the idea of law; law, which science is trying to find out and reveal. I say reveal advisedly; for what helps us into harmony instead of antagonism toward the great underlying laws of existence, what helps us to success instead of failure, what makes the moral man the efficient man, is surely as much a revelation as if it came in a blaze of light."

It is a fearfully keen-edged test of our old-fashioned ideas of morality, too, this pivotal idea of law that underlies the New Spirit of the Farm. It explains why men, who ranked as "good" and didn't break the Ten Commandments—at least, didn't break them so you could hear them crack—often proved most inefficient and the most dismal of life's failures—not by the Will of God, no, not by a long shot, but because they turned a bad furrow, let the weeds multiply, farmed slither-fashion—in a word, didn't obey Nature's Ten Commandments. It explains why the thoughtless and cruel killing of birds may be an immoral act, though the birds are to decorate the hat of a woman who would blush at the word immoral.

"There are just two things in this God Almighty's earth, Right and Wrong, and that applies clear down to the way you spade your garden," an old acquaintance used to say. I didn't know what he meant. In the light of the New Spirit of the Farm, I know now. "When you treat of the New Spirit of the Farm, don't forget the moral side of it, without which all you say will be so much waste," wrote Prof. James Robertson, the dairy expert of Canada, who raised Canada's expert products to as many hundreds of thousands as they were formerly hundreds. I wondered what he meant. Knowing he was of Scotch Presbyterian ancestry, I wondered if this were just that Scotch Presbyterian habit of dragging religion in by the scruff of the neck. Then I read his lectures as head of the famous MacDonald Training Schools and found the same pivotal idea—to make the good man a successful man by all-round observance of law, to make the farmer an intelligent farmer, without which he could not be moral in the deepest sense of the word. In other words, failure on the farm is immoral because unnecessary and the result of ignorance."

Governor Hughes and his Opponent.

AS one of the outstanding political figures in the United States, Governor Hughes, of New York State, is a man in whom Canadians take considerable interest. This brief biography of Mr. Hughes, and another of his opponent for the Governorship are taken from Harper's Weekly:

"Charles Evans Hughes, who was renominated for Governor of New York State at the Republican State Convention at Saratoga, on September 15, was born in Glens Falls, New York, on April 11, 1862, and is the son of the Rev. David Charles Hughes, a Baptist clergyman. He was educated at Colgate and Brown universities, graduating from the latter institution in 1881. He studied law at Columbia, and in the office of General Stewart L. Woodford, then United States District Attorney, and was admitted to the bar in 1884. In 1891 he became a professor of law at Cornell, but subsequently resumed his practice. In 1905 Mr. Hughes was chosen as counsel for the Armstrong Committee appointed to investigate the life-insurance companies, and in 1906 was designated one of the special counsel of the United States Department of Justice to conduct an inquiry regarding prosecution of coal-carrying railroads. After declining an invitation to run for Mayor of New York in the Republican interest, he accepted the nomination for Governorship of the State in 1906, and was the only Republican elected on the State ticket, receiving a plurality of 57,897 votes over W. R. Hearst, the Democratic candidate. Governor Hughes' chief act was securing the passage of the law prohibiting racetrack betting."

Lieutenant-Governor Lewis Stuyvesant Chanler, who was nominated for Governor of New York State on the Democratic ticket, at Rochester, on September 16, is a grandson of William B. Astor, and of Samuel Ward, a well-known statesman of his time. His father, John Winthrop Chanler, was once Sachem in Tammany Hall, and represented a New York district in Congress for several years. The Democratic nominee was born in Newport, Rhode Island, in 1869, and educated at Columbia and Cambridge University. After practising criminal law for some time he went to Ireland in 1897, where for four years he identified himself with the Home Rule cause. He resumed his legal work in New York City in 1900. For several years Mr. Chanler has been interested in politics; he was a delegate to the State Convention in 1896, and a member of the sub-committee on platform, and in 1903 he was elected to the Board of Supervisors of Dutchess County, receiving a good majority in a Republican district. In 1906 he was nominated for Lieutenant-Governor of New York State on the Democratic ticket, and was elected to the office by a majority of about 4,500 votes over his opponent."

Apollinaris

"The Queen of Table Waters"



"That Tired Feeling"

Uncomfortable Sleep

means loss of power to think or act—loss of "money-making power."

SLEEP ON A "STAR" FELT MATTRESS AND A "BANNER" SPRING

and you will be surprised with the new feeling of POWER.

There's a reason—absolute cleanliness—a level surface which yields to every move of the body and permits perfect circulation—prevents bad dreams. Will not cost half a cent a night.

We are the largest Bedding Manufacturers in the British Empire, and protect you by this trademark, which is plainly shown on each.



23

If your dealer will not supply you, send us a post card.

THE ALASKA FEATHER & DOWN CO. LIMITED
MONTREAL.



High Class Bedding

AT A VERY MODERATE PRICE

A Guaranteed

HERCULES BED SPRING

AND

GOLD MEDAL FELT MATTRESS

are absolutely the standard of the world. None quite so good. Trial free.

If your dealer does not keep them, write us for a booklet. We are by far the largest makers in Canada.

GOLD MEDAL FURNITURE MANUFACTURING COMPANY, Limited
Toronto Montreal Winnipeg
Established 1890



Worth the Money and Getting It

The man who takes pride in his personal appearance will succeed—he will be worth the money. That's why you should take advantage this fall of our

VALET SERVICE

It's the handy way—the perfect service. RING UP UP ABOUT IT.

FOUNTAIN, VALET MY : 30 Adelaide St. West
Pressers, Cleaners and Repairers of Clothes

Rules for Jap Children.

AN English newspaper published in Japan printed at one time an interesting synopsis of the rules which the public schools of that country were teaching their pupils on the subject of the treatment of foreigners.

This synopsis is reprinted in a recent book, "The Empire of the East," by H. B. Montgomery, and is accompanied by some interesting facts concerning the schools of Japan. The rules, some of which might well be taught in our own schools, are as follows:

Never call after foreigners passing along the streets or roads.

When foreigners make enquiries answer them politely. If unable to make them understand inform the police of the fact.

Never accept a present from a foreigner when there is no reason for his giving it, and never charge him anything above what is proper.

Do not crowd around a shop when a foreigner is making purchases, thereby causing him much annoyance. The continuance of this practice disgraces us as a nation.

Since all human beings are brothers and sisters there is no reason for fearing foreigners. Treat them as equals and act uprightly in all your dealings with them. Be neither ser-

vile nor arrogant.

Beware of combining against the foreigner and disliking him because he is a foreigner: men are to be judged by their conduct and not by their nationality.

As intercourse with foreigners becomes closer and extends over a series of years there is danger that many Japanese may become enamored of their ways and customs and forsake the good old customs of their forefathers. Against this danger you must be on your guard.

Taking off your hat is the proper way to salute a foreigner. The bending of the body low is not to be commended.

Hold in high regard the worship of ancestors and treat your relations with warm cordiality, but do not regard a person as your enemy because he or she is a Christian.

Beware of selling your souls to foreigners and becoming their slaves. Sell them no houses or lands.

Aim at not being beaten in your competition with foreigners. Remember that loyalty and filial piety are our most precious national treasures, and do nothing to violate them.

Wife—What would you like for your birthday, dear? Husband—Nothing at all. I haven't any money. —Megendorfer Blatter.

SOCIAL AND PERSONAL

A gentleman who purchased a Bell Autonola less than a year ago has just told us that in musical education for his young family he had already had service equal to the value of the instrument. He added: "Before getting our player piano my children scarcely realized the difference between a rag-time horror and a classical masterpiece; now they appreciate and enjoy the very best music, playing it for themselves, although none of them can play by hand."

The Autonola

is TWO PIANOS IN ONE, for it can be played with the aid of music-roll and treadles as well as by hand in the usual way. It is here for your inspection.

BELL PIANO WAREHOUSES
146 YONGE ST.

RECEPTION REQUISITES

All of the dainty requisites necessary to make any social function a distinct success are to be found at Diamond Hall. Our Stationery Department is now showing a large assortment of exclusive and artistic designs in Invitation Cards, Dinner Cards, Tally Cards, Dance Programs, and a host of quaint novelties—at invitingly moderate prices.

RYRIE BROS., Limited

134-138 Yonge St.,
TORONTO



THE PRINCESS SKIN FOOD

Endorsed by ladies of refinement and culture, everywhere for merit and purity. Feeds dry, flannelled, wrinkled, shrivelled skins, tones weak facial nerves and strengthens flaccid muscles. As important to the skin as food is to the system.

REMOVES WRINKLES

restores lost contour, softens the expression, obliterates signs of age from the countenance. A delightful and unequalled toilet luxury. Avoid imitations, take none but the Princess.

Our Face Treatments

are not only delightful but most beneficial. They are soothing and restful; just the thing for tired women. Try one and you'll yearn for more. Send, call or phone M 831 for brochure.

Superfluous Hair, Moles, Warts, Scars, Red Veins, Birth-marks, etc., removed forever by Electrolysis. Satisfaction assured. Skin and Scalp troubles always cured.

Hiscott Dermatological Institute
61 College Street
Established 1892.

ELUSIVENESS

A perfume with an aggressive pronounced odor is to be avoided. Elusiveness is one of the charms that makes

Kerkoff's Djer-Kiss

(Pronounced Dear Kiss)

the most refined and artistic of all. A dainty fragrance so subtle it is difficult to trace its source.

Violette Kerkoff is of equal quality and has the natural scent of fresh violets. Kerkoff's Sachet, Face Powder, Toilet Water, and Toilet Soap come in either Djer-Kiss or Violette odors.

For sale everywhere
KERKOFF, Paris, France
ALFRED H. SMITH CO.
Sole Agents, New York

THE marriage of Miss Minnie McMurrich, elder daughter of Mr. George McMurrich, and Mr. Philip Toller, son of Colonel Toller of Ottawa, was celebrated in St. Andrew's church, at two o'clock, September 30, Professor Ballantyne officiating in the place of Rev. Crawford Brown, who was prevented by illness from performing the pleasant duty. The bride was brought in and given away by her father, and looked very handsome and happy in a rich Princess robe of Liberty satin, with rare lace, a veil of tulle and wreath of orange blossoms. The bouquet was a shower of roses and lily of the valley. Miss Jessie McMurrich was her sister's bridesmaid, in a dainty mauve gown trimmed with lace, and a white hat with mauve and gold trimmings. Mr. Guy Toller was best man, and Mr. Zeb Lash and Mr. D'Arcy Magee of Ottawa were ushers. Colonel and Mrs. Toller came on from Ottawa for their son's marriage, and were at the Queen's. The chancel was beautifully decorated with flowers and palms, and the music, as is always the case at St. Andrew's, was lovely. Dr. Anderson presiding at the organ, and the choir, of which the bride is an ex-member, singing most impressively. Among the many fine wedding gifts was a bracelet presented by the choir. After the ceremony, Mrs. McMurrich gave a small reception, at which the relatives and friends of the happy young couple offered heartiest good wishes, and later on Mr. and Mrs. Toller left for their honeymoon across the line. They will, on their return, reside in The Madison.

The wedding of Miss Mary Kathleen Hagarty, second daughter of Mr. George Hagarty, and Mr. B. Morton Jones of Lethbridge, Alta., son of Rev. Septimus Jones, was celebrated at half-past two o'clock on Wednesday, in St. George's church, Rev. Canon Cayley, assisted by Rev. Canon Webb of Calgary, officiating. The bride was brought in and given away by her brother, Mr. Dudley Hagarty, and looked sweetly pretty and graceful in her handsome robe of Duchess satin, with beautiful old Carrick-ma-cross lace, an heirloom in the family. The bridal bouquet was of lily of the valley, and the slight form of the young bride was enveloped in a cloudy veil of tulle fastened by a wreath of orange blossoms. Miss Annie Hagarty was her sister's maid of honor, in pale blue satin and large hat of the same shade, with a bouquet of Richmond roses. The bridesmaids, Miss Dorothy Gates of Hamilton, cousin of the bride, Miss Helen Cornish, and Miss Cecil Van Sittart, wore pale blue marquisette gowns and hats to match, and carried Richmond roses. Mr. J. M. Jellitt was best man. The ushers were Mr. Casey Wood, Mr. W. Assheton Smith, Dr. McLaren of Hamilton, and Mr. Grant Neale. Mrs. Hagarty received the guests at her home in Walmer road after the ceremony, and after the *dejeuner* and congratulations, Mr. and Mrs. Jones left for their honeymoon, the bride wearing a quiet and becoming travelling dress of navy blue. They are expected back in Toronto on a visit before settling down in Lethbridge. Many handsome gifts were made to the bride, who has always been best loved where she is best known, and whose many Toronto friends regret that she is to live so far away from them.

Wednesday was a day of weddings, about a dozen taking place in churches and homes in all parts of the city. Two in which society was largely interested were respectively celebrated in St. Andrew's and St. George's churches at about the same hour. In both cases the invitations were curtailed, in the case of the former, owing to the recent death of the bride's uncle, Mr. W. B. McMurrich, and in the latter, on account of the illness of the father of the bride, Mr. George F. Hagarty.

Many kind congratulations upon the birth of a son and heir have been wafted to Mr. and Mrs. Jameson of Redhill, Surrey, England, since the news of the baby boy's arrival was cabled out this week. Mrs. Jameson as Dora Rowand was only a short while ago one of Toronto's handsomest and cleverest girls. She has been a hospitable hostess to several of her Toronto friends since becoming chataine of Dorancourt, her charming Surrey home.

Mrs. J. Enoch Thompson has returned to town. Miss Thompson has gone to visit relatives in England. Mr. Justice Irving of Victoria, B.C., is a guest at Llawhaden this week. Miss Jean McLaren of Hamilton was in town for the Hagarty-Jones wedding. Miss Greening has been entertaining Miss Edna Greening of Hamilton, Miss Ramsay of Montreal, and Miss Pettit of New York, who came on for the Bell-Clover wedding this afternoon. Mr. and Mrs. Jack Macdonald are home from Atlantic City. Mrs. Gooderham of Maplecroft, Mrs. Madonald's mother, returned with them. Mrs. and Miss Fitzhugh came to town in their private car on Wednesday for a flying visit.

Commander and Mrs. Spain were up for the races. Mr. and Mrs. Hugh Allan were up from Montreal and attended the races. Several smart parties have gone up from Toronto to Hamilton races this week. Captain and Mrs. Boone are settling in their fine new house in Rosedale. Miss Helen Matthews was at the races, looking none the worse for the serious illness which has temporarily interfered with her course of training as a hospital nurse. Miss Adele Boulton is taking a course of training as a hospital nurse in New York.

Improvements and additions are altering the look of Sylvan Tower, Rosedale, as Mr. Plummer's men are busily working to get that fine residence ready for the family before the cold weather.

Among well-known ex-residents of Toronto, who are making themselves very comfortable in old London, is Mr. F. J. Ricarde-Seaver, formerly so active and valuable a member of the Royal Canadian Yacht Club here. Mr. Ricarde-Seaver's artistic taste has been given *carte blanche* in the furnishing of a very commodious and charming flat in Norfolk Square, where he gives hearty welcome to Toronto friends. That fortune has smiled upon him will gratify his old friends in Canada.

The marriage of Miss Monierieff of Petrolea and Mr. Lyle of Toronto will take place in December.

The home of Mr. and Mrs. A. C. Huband, 121 Crescent road, was the scene of a very pretty wedding on Wednesday, September 23, at three o'clock, when their only daughter, Ethel Lyle, was married to Mr. William Bickell Scace, of Brantford. The ceremony was performed by the Rev. Dr. Milligan, of Old St. Andrew's Church, under a floral arch. The bride, who was given away by her father, entered the drawing room to the

strains of Lohengrin's wedding march, played by an orchestra concealed behind a bank of palms and ferns. She looked lovely in an exquisite lace robe over chiffon and ivory Duchess satin, with trimmings of rose point lace. Her veil was arranged over a coronet of lily of the valley and white heather, and she carried a shower bouquet of bridal roses and lily of the valley. Her only ornament was a gold bracelet set with amethysts and pearls the gift of the groom. She was attended by her cousin, Miss Louise Holmes, of Woodstock, who was becomingly gowned in pink embroidered chiffon over taffeta with pink picture hat, and carried a bouquet of bridesmaid roses. The groomsmen were Mr. Arthur O. Husband, brother of the bride. A reception was held after the ceremony by Mrs. Husband, who was gowned in black Spanish lace over white taffeta and hat to match. The bride's going away gown was of navy blue, smartly tailored, and hat of blue and green. Mr. and Mrs. Scace left for a trip through the Eastern States, and on their return will reside in Brantford.

Captain S. P. Laybourn, late of the R. C. R. and now of the Army Pay Corps, was on Saturday, the 12th September, married in Helensburgh, Dumbartonshire, Scotland, to Miss L. M. Duncan, daughter of the late Mr. James Duncan, of Duncraggan. There was a large representation of Dumbartonshire society present, and the wedding, which was performed by the Rev. J. O. Coop, of St. Catherine's Church, Liverpool, and the Rev. C. B. Beard, was solemnized at the Episcopal Church of S. S. Michael's and All Angel's, Helensburgh. The bride was given away by her brother, Major J. F. Duncan, Argyll and Sutherland Highlanders, and Professor W. R. Lang, of the University of Toronto, was best man. Captain and Mrs. Laybourn spent a couple of weeks touring in the Highlands before sailing for Montreal by the "Grampian." They intend taking up house in Toronto.

Mr. Kerr Osborne, of Clover Hill, entertained some of the visiting delegates to the Hospitals' convention, on Tuesday evening.

Miss Elsie Riddell left this week for Boston, where she will spend the winter.

On Wednesday afternoon at two o'clock, at the home of the bride's parents, Spadina avenue, the marriage took place of Miss Pansy Julia Mason, B.A., youngest daughter of Dr. and Mrs. Wallace Mason, to Mr. Samuel Lorne Fear, eldest son of the Rev. and Mrs. E. A. Fear, of Exeter. The officiating clergymen were the groom's father and the Rev. Chancellor Burwash, of Victoria College. The bride, who was given away by her father, wore her graduating dress, a Princess gown of white silk mull over taffeta, and veil with lilies of the valley, and carried a sheaf of bride roses. Miss Lilian Mason of Winnipeg, who attended the bride, wore white silk with touches of pink and carried bridesmaid roses. Mr. J. C. Armer, of Toronto, was best man. The wedding march was played by Miss Beth MacLean of Tonawanda, N.Y., and the wedding hymn, "O Perfect Love," sung by Miss Helen Pailon, B.A., of Toronto. After the ceremony a reception was held for the relatives and intimate friends of the bride and groom. Mr. and Mrs. S. L. Fear left shortly after for their future home near Detroit, the bride travelling in a dark blue tailored costume.

One of the first teas of the season was given on Thursday, September 24, by Mrs. Ernest Cameron Thompson, in honor of her guest Miss Hilda Thompson, of Vancouver, and her sister, Mrs. Percival Mitchell, of Winnipeg. Mrs. Thompson received in a very dainty mauve gown and was assisted by Miss Thompson, in white point d'esprit. Mrs. Mitchell, in mauve flowered muslin with large black hat, and Mrs. Rupert Bruce, in a white muslin gown with large white hat, poured tea and coffee in the dining room. In spite of the extreme heat the rooms were filled to their utmost capacity, looking so pretty with an abundance of mauve and white asters. The table was decorated with many silver vases, filled with the same flowers and set on billows of green tulle, tied with green satin bows and sprays of ferns. A few of those present were: Mrs. Harry Livingston, Miss Ashley, of Kingston; Mrs. and Miss Carrick, Mrs. Stanforth Ivey, Miss Wright of London, Mrs. Oliphant, Mrs. Tom Birchall, Mrs. Charles Mitchell, Mrs. Frank Law, Mrs. Fortier, Mrs. Bigwood, Miss Rust, Mrs. Holgate and Mrs. W. Knox.

Mrs. Thos. E. Knowlton, nee King, will receive for the first time at her new home 146 Wellesley Crescent, on the afternoon and evening of Wednesday, October 7.

The young people who enjoyed a charming dance at the Argonaut Club House last Monday night included: Miss Hazel Kemp, Miss Lorna Murray, Miss Eileen Patterson, Miss Marie Hohlstein, Miss Kane, Miss Mona Murray, Miss Orr, Miss Maud Weir, Mrs. Harry Wright, Miss Beryl Dinnis, Miss Marjory Malcolm, Miss Irene Phelan, Miss Olive Sheppard, Miss Pearsall, of Port Rowan; Miss McLaughlin, Miss Ivy Knox, Miss Oda Orr, Miss Whaley, Miss Fulton, Miss Florence Haywood, Miss Irene Case, Miss Nona Carroll, Miss Millman, Miss Tiny Dixon, Miss Ruth Meyer, Miss Boush, and the Misses Dunlop, and Messrs. A. H. Paterson, W. H. Aitken, G. B. Voorhees, Jim Cosgrave, Leslie Seale, Percy Jolliffe, Ernest Turner, Coy McDonald, Dr. Gideon, Percy Millman, Fred Towns, Eddie Swift, Sidney Dugan, Herbert Locke, T. J. Dudley, N. B. Jackes, J. M. Hunt, J. F. Scott, E. Kertland, Leo McLaughlin, Myles Parsons, J. L. Bigley, W. F. Pate, Frank McLaughlin, J. F. Boland, R. M. Adams, Wm. Laird, Geo. Gouinlock and Alex. Douglas.

The marriage of Miss Jessie Dennistoun of Winnipeg, and Mr. James A. Macdonald, of Toronto, was recently celebrated in All Saints' Church, Winnipeg, Rev. F. C. Heathcote officiating. The bride was brought in and given away by her brother, Mr. Max Dennistoun, and attended by Miss Ethel Baldwin of Toronto. Mr. Hugo Ross was best man. As all the parties named are either past or present residents of Toronto, friends will be interested in hearing that the wedding was an exceedingly smart and beautiful event in Winnipeg's opening season. Dr. and Mrs. J. R. Jones lent their home for the reception and *dejeuner*, where, with the bride's mother, they received a large number of guests. The presents were exceedingly handsome, and will be admired by the bride's friends here later on, as Mr. and Mrs. Macdonald will reside in Toronto.

Dr. and Mrs. Campbell Meyers are away on a shooting trip in the north.

A. T. REID CO., Limited

Formerly Featherstone Novelty Co., Limited

MAKERS OF

Exclusive, Smart and Distinctive Styles in

Coats, Pleated and Tailored Skirts

The accompanying cut shows one of our new designs. We can produce this suit also many other models from your own material.

PLEATING—for fancy neck ruffles, frillings, flounces, jabots, waist trimmings, etc.

266 KING STREET WEST
Tel. Main 8508. BRANCH OFFICE: 112 Yonge St.
TORONTO
MONTREAL: 318 Birk's Building

CHRYSANthemUMS
ROSES CARNATIONS ORCHIDS LILY-OF-THE-VALLEY

Fresh-Cut and Always Fresh at

Dunlop's 96
YONGE ST.

Bouquets, Baskets, Designs for All Occasions.
Estimates Given for Decorations for Residence or Church.
FLOWERS SHIPPED ANYWHERE ON THE CONTINENT
and Safe Arrival Guaranteed
Night and Sunday Phone, Park 792.

Cowan's
Nut Milk Chocolate
A chocolate confection of rich milk chocolate and fresh shelled walnuts. Simply exquisite. In ¼ and ½ pound cakes.
THE COWAN CO. LIMITED, TORONTO.



Dorenwend's

Showing of Ready-to-wear Coiffures, that are original, beautiful and stylish.

Our assured patronage enables us to offer the smartest the most sought after, and the best styles of the season. Curls, Puffs, Wavy Knots, Switches and other Hair Pieces.

Experts to fill all appointments made by Telephone Main 1551.

Hair Dyeing, Shampooing, Facial and Scalp Massage, and Manicuring a specialty.

The Dorenwend Co., 103-105 Yonge St.
TORONTO
PHONE MAIN 1551.



LADIES

(AND)

The Theatre Season

The theatre is the magic place where all classes meet for relaxation and entertainment. It is the place where by reason of the proximity of others, a woman's hair is especially prominent. That is why so many ladies will not wear a hat to disarrange their hairdressing.

Becoming Effects

are invariably insured in our sunlit private and superbly equipped dressing-rooms. It is a matter of personal pride with us to see each patron leave the establishment looking as a well-groomed woman should. All that capricious, skill, interest and style can do is done, and the results make our reputation.

All the Correct European Hair Modes.
Every Toilet Necessity for Women.

The New Pember Store
Next the Yonge Street Arcade

HIGH-GRADE WINES

The holiday season now over, it is time to stock your wine cellar, and we invite you to come and go through our extensive vaults, where we carry a very large assortment of all grades of wines.

QUALITY

is what you are assured of when buying your wines and liquors from us.

THE WM. MARA CO.,

WINE MERCHANTS, 79 YONGE ST., TORONTO.

Phone Main 1708 and Main 1709.

VAULTS—71, 73, 75, 77 and 79 Yonge St., and 2, 4, 6, and 8 King St. E.



King Edward Hotel
Toronto



Fashions in Neckwear and Collars

For business and lounge wear there is certainly no collar that is as becoming to the average man as the high fold, and the best form of this collar is the one that is drawn quite close together in front. To get this "close-front" collar "close" is not an easy matter, and one that a great number of men who pay some attention to their appearance have not learned the knack. To get the best effect the collar must be worn a quarter to a half size larger than usual, and must be drawn into the desired effect with the tie.

Any kind or width of tie is not suitable. To secure the best appearance the tie must be cut and made on the bias. This gives an elasticity to the tie that helps to bind and hold the collar close, as shown in the illustration. The tie should be very narrow, particularly at the knot, and must be drawn down tightly.

The colors most favored will be tones of cardinal and green, with blue and brown running close. Several new shades, such as Delphi, Wisteria, Copenhagen and Coral, are fashionable and are slated for special favor through the coming seasons. If one does not fancy the favorites, the variety of other colors to choose from is without limit.

The sale of Crochet neckwear will continue for an indefinite period. Cheap imitations having had their day, new designs and colorings are appearing in the better goods, and as this tie is really most effective in drawing the high fold collar together they appeal to particular men because the crowd has abandoned them, and they really look distinctive and smart.

The illustration above is by Men's Furnisher, at the King Edward Hotel, showing their Marlborough collar and a distinctive design in Paris reppe and satin, made in the St. Regis four-in-hand, which they are at present introducing.

"She's got a future." "Can she act?" "No, but she can work her eyes better than any lady in the business, and as for wearing swell clothes—gee! she couldn't do better if she was twins."—Life.

Keir Hardie, driving a motor car in New York, ran over a boy just like any reckless plutocrat.—Hamilton Herald.

YACHT CRUISING IN EUROPE

By FRANK CARREL

In this week's article Mr. Carrel completes his description of Algiers and tells of his visit to Palma.

OUR guide took us into the old mosque seldom visited by Europeans, which had a much larger and better attendance than the new one. Here we found quite a number of Allah's followers fast asleep, a rest they are allowed to indulge in after they have said their prayers. We judged it to be an ideal place for such an occupation, especially during the hot days of summer, as it was about as cool and airy a building as could be found in the city. The mosque proved to be very interesting to most of us, who had never seen an Arab house of worship before.

We next took a drive into the western part of the town as far as the Notre Dame church, which occupies a very fine site upon an elevation overlooking part of the town and the sea. On the way we were surprised to find the hill leading up to it lined with beggars of all descriptions, who sat by the roadside with outstretched hands, but never making any other demonstration, for succor or help. When we entered the sacred edifice we discovered that it was one of those specially endowed churches where many miracles had been performed. A service was going on at the time, and among those present were many infirm and crippled, praying for relief or permanent cures, while around the walls were numerous relics of pilgrims who had benefited by their faith and the intercession of their patron saint. Outside the church was a large monument erected to the memory of those who had been drowned in the bay almost opposite the site of the church, reminding us of scenes which we had witnessed at the shrine of Ste. Anne de Beaupre. The one unpardonable and ungainly sight around the sacred edifice, which stands alone on a fine promontory, is a most disgraceful looking hotel and open air cafe within a few feet of it, with huge signs announcing the fact to the passers-by.

We returned to the main part of the town, again passing old fortifications, many fine buildings and an immense military hospital. We stopped at the Roman Catholic Cathedral, which on Sunday afternoons, is devoted to Italian service. We were just in time for it, and thoroughly enjoyed the fine music which was supplied for the occasion by a choir of female voices, who sang in pretty accord with a choral choir of surprised boys singing the responses. We walked up the aisle to where the members of the female choir were grouped around a small harmonium under a balcony in a very dark corner of the church. A few lighted candles illuminated the surroundings and added to the interest of the scene, recalling well known pictures of village choirs on Christmas eve, which we have all so very often seen. The little choir in the corner, the solitary priest at the altar, with his two ac-



LA RUE ABDULLAH, ALGIERS.

lytes, the boys' choir, on a raised balcony, and the scattered Italian congregation with bowed heads and deep in devotional prayer in this great big interior, so dark and ancient looking, and apparently filled to overflowing with old paintings and altars, made the scene one of the most impressive religious ceremonies we had yet seen. It is such odd scenes as this that make a visit to any of these old cities so interesting to the modern traveller. You could sit in a church like this while such a service was going on and imagine yourself living in a country almost a thousand years ago, so picturesque and simple was everything in the atmosphere of the church. We could have remained there for a much longer time, but our launch was leaving shore at 5 o'clock and we had to take our leave, filled with



ARAB BARBER SHOP IN THE OPEN AIR.

much regret that our visit of two days had come to an end.

This is a town in which a visitor can well spend weeks, and, if time be no object, months, enjoying a magnificent and salubrious and even climate, good hotels, superb scenery and a clean and interesting town, with most enjoyable environs to explore.

We steamed to our ship in full view of a very large crowd which had come to see us off, having evidently aroused considerable interest by our visit, and the neat appearance of our Indian seamen, in full native costume, standing in the bow of our launches, and our trim, neatly attired English officers and quartermasters in the rear, with one of the engineers in charge of the engine, all went to make up quite a sight for the inhabitants of the city. Our two steam launches and two large boats in tow were rapidly filled and our party left the shores of Africa for the Balearic Islands. When the last boat drops on the shipside and all are on board, it is generally time for our departure, and the trumpeter comes on deck, plays a tune which all seamen understand to mean good-bye. After this the boats and anchor are hoisted, and, with the assistance of a tug or two and probably a local pilot, we are guided to the dock entrance, if we happen to be in one, where we put on full steam and head for our next port, which, in this case, was Palma, the principal city of Majorca, the largest of the group of Balearic Islands in the Mediterranean, or the east coast of the Spanish Peninsula.

WE anchored off this town early next morning, remaining outside the long stone pier which acts as a breakwater for the port's shipping. It was a beautiful morning and the sun was making the city of Palma look its prettiest. The sea was calm and everything augured well for a pleasant day. We reached the pier at 9.30, and found a long string of two-horse vehicles, much resembling grocer or butcher waggons, with nice white canvas and round top covers. But when we got near them we found they were the regulation two-wheeled cabs of Palmas, with a front seat for the driver and two side seats facing one another in rear for the other occupants.

We started off through the city, which we could see at once was of very quaint and sleepy habits, and not much bothered by the incursions of strangers or tourists. The town people stopped to look at us go up, and I was not surprised, as we must have been a funny looking procession with all these white-covered vans.

Palma is the principal city in the Balearic Islands, which are a possession of Spain, so everything here was Spanish in appearance and in customs. The buildings were of Spanish architecture, with very handsome courtyards filled with flowers. There are many traits of the old Moorish occupancy of the town before the Spanish took it, in the shape of fortification walls and narrow streets and a number of watch towers, and, of course, the usual number of crumbling ruins of old palaces on the hill-tops, some of which dated back to 1230, when this city of Palma was of more importance under Moorish domination than it is to-day, although it has 64,000 population. Evidence of its great age and former grandeur is to be found in everyone of its charming plazas and streets. The most notable buildings are the Longa, the most beautiful Exchange in Southern Europe, the Cathedral, the gun of the 14th century on the site of the principal mosque, the Cosa de Cort, or town hall, with its remarkable cornices and sculptures.

We did not remain long in the city, but passed into the country, where we came in contact with the

rural population, sparsely scattered along the highway, which, for the sixteen miles we covered, was kept in extraordinarily good condition. Every section seemed to have a roadmaster with a large brass plate on his coat, signifying his post, and a very good scheme was in force to make the traffic harder the road instead of a steam roller. When a portion of the thoroughfare required macadamizing, only half was done at a time, the other half being blocked up with a lot of boulders, so that all vehicles passing along would have to press the new part of the road, and make it as hard as was desired for easy traffic. This practice was worked on us, even where little patches were made, so that wherever the road was being repaired, it was always rough and stony driving. The principal cultivation for miles and miles seemed to be olives, which were in full blossom upon the thousands of trees which were to be seen in all the fertile spots along the way, but vegetation only seemed to exist in close proximity to the thoroughfare, as beyond that the land was very arid and hilly, the soil being very much similar to the bed of the ocean—consisting of sand and round boulders, conclusively proving that almost all the small groups of islands in the Mediterranean are the results of volcanic upheaval.

After travelling over a very flat land for about six miles we began the ascent of a range of mountains, which went the length of the island, and from Palma have a rugged and forlorn appearance, but as you get nearer to them you see their beauty in a vision of magnificent coloring, a rough grey with here and there patches of softer yellow. We began a zig-zag climb through what is known as the Grand Pass, and when about seven hundred feet high we came across "the loveliest village in the island," as one well known writer has christened it. From the distance it was a veritable picture, so different to anything else we had ever seen, in unique position in the hollow of a wide circle of mountains. It was named after the valley we were passing through—Valldemosa—and I am not surprised at its selection by Sarah Grand for the writing of one of her charming novels, although I doubt whether she could find an hotel in it. The temperature was quite cool but pleasant, and it was not surprising to find the inhabitants of the village in perfect health. The few children we saw displayed a fine color in their cheeks, in addition to having a robust physique. The village evidently subsists upon orange groves, which are to be seen everywhere, and we were fortunate to see them in a season when the trees were in full fruit. The houses also had a peculiar architecture, of their own. They were of two-story, tiled in brown and yellow. Instead of open or extended balconies, as we had seen them in almost all the other places we had visited, here there were covered-in verandahs, which served as a general living-room and seemed to be used for everything. We passed through this village, eliciting very little attention from the residents, which was rather surprising, considering the spectacle or procession we must have made with our fifteen white canvas-covered vehicles, only requiring a large red cross painted on their sides to denote an army ambulance corps. But, strange to say, except by the little children, we appeared to be unnoticed. Whether this was due to a trait of modesty about the inhabitants, or to the fact that they were accustomed to visitors, I cannot say. In almost all these little villages, wherever we went, there was always a public covered-in building, with washing troughs and running water in the centre, around which we generally found the women of the village engaged in their daily or weekly laundry work. Whether they do it in turns or on certain days or all together I cannot say, but when we went through Valldemosa, there were about a dozen women, hard at work, who never even condescended to stop and look at us, so that the photograph I took of them shows a row of backs alongside piles of heavy water-soaked clothes. We continued up more winding roads for several miles, until we reached the summit, and then made a descent in full view of the sea on the other side of the island. It was of a beautiful bluish tint, and from the height we had reached, made a grand view.

We turned in at a gateway, descended a very steep path through trees and drew up in front of a long plain-built house, which is known as Miramar, the seaside villa of the Arch Duke Louis of Austria, which for beauty of situation can hardly be rivalled.

Opera Wraps---Plush Cloaks---High-grade Coats

The Simpson Imports Have Just Arrived



WE have just passed through the Customs a superb collection of the new Cloaks and Coats. They come from Germany, whose styles in outdoor wraps for women predominate throughout the world. Chosen with that taste and discrimination for which this store every season becomes more justly famous, these coats afford ladies of Toronto a selection equal to that provided in any city in the world at the same—and, indeed, higher—prices.

The New Waists Are Also Showing
Exhibition of Waist Models on the Second Floor

The bodies of these new Waists are invariably close in outline. Sleeves are long, and a large percentage are close fitting. The collars are high and much ruffled; net pleating and ruching are on both top and bottom. We have some really beautiful models at \$5.00, \$6.00 and \$7.50, and we are introducing the element of exclusiveness. Our factory is copying some of the most expensive New York Waists, the \$15.00 to \$50.00 variety and only a few of each model, which we are offering at from \$5 to \$8.50. Styles of Waists that are seldom seen at moderate figures. A visit to this big department on our Second Floor will be found full of interest and charm.

Our Showing of Exclusive Suits



We find a great deal of pleasure in noting how well our Suits are taking this Fall. We simply determined to provide what our customers want—distinction.

Now, this quality of distinction holds true, no matter what the price attached may be. It is true of our \$10.50 Suits. It is true of our \$60 Suits, and all the grades between. Each Suit in its own class has been studied with that idea of distinction. We present some of the very latest designs of exclusive suit makers in New York. We would emphasize particularly the line at \$35.

All man-tailored garments, mostly in the New Long Coats, in the clinging, and severe straight cut styles, all new materials, diagonal serges, chevron stripes, men's worsteds, lovely textures in broadcloths, both plain and stripes.

Newest shades of London smoke, mouse shade, elephant's breath, new greys, new browns, new blues, new greens and blacks, both in plains and stripes. Prices \$25.00, \$35.00, \$40.00, \$50.00 and \$60.00. But we specially want you to see the styles at \$35.00.

THE ROBERT SIMPSON COMPANY LIMITED
TORONTO

"A Sound Mind in a Healthy Body"

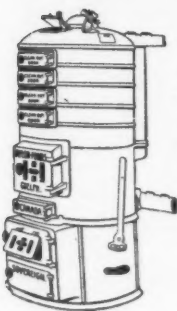
The regular use of
"BOVRIL"

ensures both. It keeps the body fit and the mind responsive to the demands of active life.



MacLEOD
MEN'S TAILOR
Yonge and College Streets
(452 YONGE)
FULL DRESS AND FROCK
SUITS A SPECIALTY
INSPECTION INVITED

THE UNAPPROACHABLE "SOVEREIGN"



HOT
WATER
BOILER

Beware of the hot water boiler with sections so welded together that a fracture of one part necessitates costly and laborious repair work. The "Sovereign" will not leak—yet its sections are separate and removable—each section being separately bolted to a heavy water post cast in one piece.

There is no good idea in hot water boiler construction that is not adopted into the "Sovereign."

It is strong in structure and simple in design.

It will save from one to three tons of coal out of every ten tons ordinarily used during the winter.

Be Posted. Write for our Booklet.

THE TAYLOR-FORBES Company Limited
GUELPH, ONT.

BRANCHES.
1088 King Street West, Toronto.

122 Craig Street West, Montreal.



DUNLOP
RUBBER HEELS

Made in all the sizes for ladies and gentlemen and put on by shoedealers everywhere **50c.**

"There goes a man who once offered to make me independently rich." "But he didn't appear to know you." "At least he gave you no sign of recognition." "You see, I refused to buy the stock."—Chicago Record-Herald.

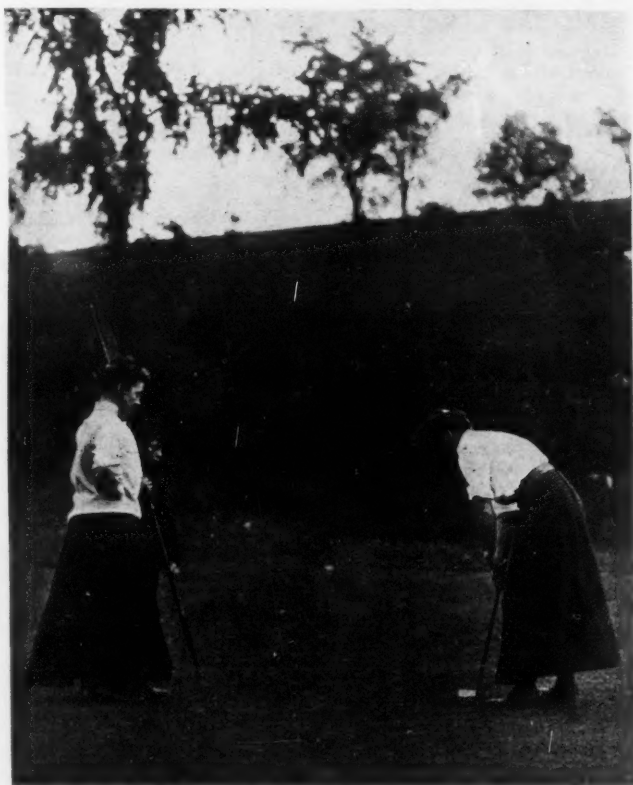
SPORTING COMMENT

ONE of the evening papers came out on Monday with a large headline, saying that everybody was pleased with the generous downfall of rain during the afternoon. Valuable as that rainfall was to the province, yet, to tell the truth, all were not pleased. At the Lambton Golf and Country Club, where the ladies' championships of the Canadian Golf Association were opening with a qualifying round of eighteen holes, there were many ladies who were not at all pleased when the rain began to fall briskly just as they were about to play off from the first tee, and then poured steadily throughout the whole afternoon.

"It hasn't rained a drop for six weeks," one lady exclaimed, "and yet the very moment our annual championship begins here comes a down-pour! Why didn't it rain last week or last night?"

"A number of clergymen prayed for rain last night," mildly interposed another lady.

"I shan't forgive them, then," retorted the first. But they played—the ladies played, rain or no rain, and owing to the unfavorable conditions and the crowded state of the course, most of them were from three to four hours in the wet. Here and there one of them would drop out and scurry for the club-house and a pot of hot coffee—abandoning all hopes of the championship in favor of her dripping sisters. Under the circumstances the qualifying round was less a test of golf than a test of endurance and luck, and yet, some of those acknowledged to be the best players got the best scores. But this did not hold good in all cases. Miss Thomson, of St. John, N. B., brought in the best card, a 98, which is pretty good going over the men's course in a downpour of rain, with half the greens soggy, or covered with little lakelets. The next best round was made by Miss Nesbitt, of Woodstock, who came in five strokes behind.



THE LADIES' GOLF CHAMPIONSHIP.

Miss Thomson, St. John, N.B., putting, and Mrs. Blackwood, Toronto, looking on. At the 9th green of the Lambton course.

while eight strokes later, so to speak, arrived Mrs. Rodger, of Lambton, and Miss Phepoe, of Hamilton.

Miss Thomson has won the Canadian championship four times, and in ladies' golf almost has the rank occupied by Mr. George L. Lyon in men's golf. Among Toronto golfers high hopes were entertained that Miss Dick would this year be able to give Miss Thomson a skillful argument, but, unfortunately, owing to illness in the family, Miss Dick, although present on Monday, brought with her the announcement that she would be unable to remain for the tournament.

THERE are but a few good golf stories and they are known around the world, having been told in every clubhouse where golfers meet. Andrew Lang, in a recent article, says he never met a humorous caddie. In fact, no caddie would be wise to display humor on the links. C. B. McFarlane, writing in The Tatler, says that he meets with humor among the professionals, but never among the caddies. He tells the story of "the man who broke down."

That was a spontaneous bit of humor and made everybody laugh at the championship at Prestwick, which Vardon won in 1903. It was the origin of a story which has travelled round the clubhouses of the world, and the author was Mr. John

Low. Scoring was very low in the first round and Mr. Low had been making for a couple. At the end of the round a reporter asked Mr. Low for the scores, and only getting one score asked for the other. "Oh, he took 56 to go out and broke down coming home." The humor of the remark was too much for the pressman. It went round the press tent, the clubhouse, and the world.

There is a famous professional at St. Andrews. He says caustic things and makes you laugh real true. What had happened on the links I do not know, but the Green Committee at St. Andrews summoned the professional to their presence. The chairman lectured him on the incident and in a general way tried to bring the offending one round to some apology or recognition that he had done wrong. But the professional was indurate, so as a last heroic measure the chairman said: "If your conduct does not improve we will require to take your license from you and starve you out." The starving out was emphasized as the crowning calamity. "Starve me out, wud ye? It will tak' more than the Green Committee to starve me out. Do you ken that I am freens with every cook in St. Andrews?"

THE Maple Leafs, the lacrosse team from Canada, which will compete against the English and South African teams, in England, will stop at the Ivanhoe Hotel, Bloomsbury, London, and practice daily at the Stadium. This is mentioned for the benefit of Canadians across the pond who may want to look them up.

D. R. WILSON has informed Tom Longboat that he must drop his career as a runner, as he has heart trouble. It is the opinion of Dr. Wilson that a man should not run in more than two or three long races, whereas Longboat has won

in many cricket matches. Syd Gregory was one day fielding at his usual place, cover-point. One of the players, thinking perhaps that Gregory was not so keen as usual, startled him by shouting, "Look out, Syd!" Gregory, seeing something black flying past, shot out his hand and caught, not the ball he expected, but a swallow.

While Nottingham was playing Gloucestershire at Trent Bridge in 1875 the game had to be suspended for a time because a large number of swallows flew across the wicket. A seagull was the means of stopping another game the Gloucestershire eleven were playing in. Although the match was a county championship the whole eleven, including the brothers Grace, left off their game to take cock-shies at that seagull.

A bowler killed a swallow at Godalming while bowling to the Earl of Winton. The ball struck the swallow in its flight. A dog was once killed by Browne, of Brighton, the fastest bowler of his day.

As the result of a wager a certain trundler won the Earl of Tankerville £100 by hitting a feather laid on the pitch for him to bowl at.

Perhaps the widest ball ever bowled was sent down by Tom Emmett, the great Yorkshireman. He had just had one of his deliveries hit nearly to the top of the football pavilion tower at Park avenue, Bradford. Bent on revenge he ran toward the wicket to send down an "express." When he was in the act of delivering the ball he slipped. The ball flew off toward square leg, caught the innocent umpire standing there in the ribs, and knocked him clean over. Everyone laughed except the bowler and the umpire. It was dangerous to mention "wides" in Emmett's hearing after that.

E. Winter, an Oxford player, once had a stroke of good luck. He knocked the three stumps almost horizontal without removing the balls. While in the act of cutting a ball he brought his bat down on the top of the wicket so hard that the balls were driven into the stumps.

Fishing for Black Bass with a Hammer

"HEN MERRIAM never would say just what the black bass weighed," said a man from Monroe county, "and I guess Mark Sullivan didn't know, but the hammer weighed five pounds.

"It was a Sodus Bay bass, and when Hen talked about wanting to go out and get it or one something like its size some one told him the bass ran so large in Sodus that fishermen who wanted to be on the safe side took a big hammer along with them to knock 'em in the head. So the hammer Hen Merriam took with him weighed almost as much as the cedar boat he rowed.

"Hen, being a railroad conductor, seemed to expect the bass to be right on schedule time in taking his hook after he had thrown in, and so when fifteen minutes had passed and no bass had come along he declared it was so far behind time that he guessed it would have to be abandoned, and he was pulling up to go in when the bass came along and got the hook.

"Hen started right in to make up lost time and yanked that bass in hand over hand. When the fish's head came in sight and within reach Hen grabbed his hammer, and being a little mad yet over the bass being behind time, he brought the hammer down like he was a blacksmith's helper well on to his job.

"But Sodus bass are watchful and sly, and this one ducked and got out of the way of the hammer. The hammer kept right on coming down, though, and it had to hit something, and so it whanged right into the side of the light cedar boat.

"It passed right on through the side of the boat, making a hole big enough to shove a stovepipe in. The hole being below the water line, of course, the water poured into the boat like a torrent, and Hen began to yell.

"'Hay!' he yelled. 'Somebody better make extra good time over here or there'll be trouble on this line!'

"And that was no joke, for Hen had hardly yelled that much when his boat sank and he was floundering in the water trying to keep from following it. He had the hammer in one hand and held fast to his line with the other. Mark Sullivan was taking out bass in a boat near by, and he pulled for Hen right away.

"'Don't stop for signals!' yelled Hen. 'Pull her wide open, or this bass will get away!'

"Mark got there just in time to tug Hen into his boat, and Hen was no sooner in than he began hauling away on his bass, which was still on the hook. When he got it alongside the boat he handed the hammer to



Don't let anyone try to convince you that there are other Turkish Cigarettes "Just as Good" as MURADS. Because there are not—not at the price of 15c. for 10.

Sargyros

Mark, and while Hen held the bass with the top of its head out of the water Mark used the sledge on it.

"He tumbled the bass's skull in at the first clip. They lifted the fish into the boat and came ashore. Nobody has ever heard how much it weighed, for Hen Merriam didn't say and I guess Mark Sullivan never knew. When Hen told about the bass he just said it was so big it sank the boat.

"But if I find the man who told me to take that hammer along as part of my fishing tackle," said he, "he'll know how much I weigh!" "Some say that the boat cost Hen \$40."—New York Sun.

Good Horsemanship.

Your heart and your head keep up. Your hands and your heels keep down. Your knees keep close to your horse's sides. And your elbows to your own.

THIS old bit of advice for the would-be horseman is quoted by a writer in Baily's Magazine, of London, and declared to be perennially sound.

He quotes another old hunter on the subject of what he calls "the divine gift of hands" in riding. This old hunter, John Darby, used to attach two pieces of twine to the back of an ordinary chair and draw the same tighter until the chair balanced on its fore or hind legs, according to his own position.

Then, when balanced, he would keep it, so to speak, on the swing by gently manipulating the twine or reins he held in his hand. A rough pull would, of course, have upset the chair one way, whereas the fact of not checking it in its movements at all would have caused a total loss of control over it in the opposite direction.

"And that," when the exhibition was concluded, he would add, "is hands, gentlemen."

Jogging to the covert, continues the writer, you may note one fine horse, its owner fully equipped, throwing its head up and down like a pump handle; another sweating profusely, although the pace has not exceeded five miles an hour since it left the stable, and a third snorting and prancing about all over the place.

Why is this so? Simply because the rider of neither of them is possessed with the divine gift of "hands."

He also pays his respects to the hideous American monkey on a stick seat and sarcastically demands why, if it really is such an advantage in racing, those in authority do not place a penalty, of, say, £7 on each rider adopting it to encourage others to still ride as horsemen with an equal chance of success. How our grand-sires would laugh if they could only take a look at our illustrated sporting newspapers of to-day.

"The riders they would compare, I fancy, to the monkeys, and the horses as substitutes for the dogs they rode round a sawdust ring in a steeplechase performance in the days of

their youth at some travelling circus or country fair.

"The old paintings by artists of an earlier day, depicting steeplechasers and racers extended like rocking horses, are charming to gaze upon as a 'pick-me-up' after shuddering at contortionists on the backs of snaphotted horses limping along with stringhalt in three legs and cramp in the other."

The Baseball Reporter.

I KNOW they say Bill Shakespeare was a bird. At handing out the language rich and fine, And spilling off the stuff in plays, and things That set you up like drinking tony wine; But when it comes to really truly zip That thrills your solar plexus till you're lame, Why, Billiam isn't in it for the fraction of a minute With the man who dopes the story of the game.

C. Dickens, too, could sling the English some; His moving picture scenes of life are great, And when it comes to pulling laugh or tea He put it always right across the plate; But when you talk of stuff that's got the zip And thrills your solar plexus 'till you're lame, Why, Dickens isn't in it for the fraction of a minute With the man who dopes the story of the game.

Our Emerson was something with the quill, Subsisting on the brainy Boston beans, His tinkery produced some mighty thought— Though few can tell exactly what it means; But when you brag of stuff that's got the zip And thrills your solar plexus 'till you're lame, Ralph Waldo isn't in it for the fraction of a minute With the man who dopes the story of the game.

Old Chaucer, Milton, Pope and Molire, Old Sophocles and Edgar Allan Poe Could score a run 'most any time they tried— Though they would surely starve along Park row; But when it comes to really truly zip That thrills your solar plexus 'till you're lame, These spiliers are not in it for the fraction of a minute With the man who dopes the story of the game. —Edward Branch Lyman in N. Y. Sun

PICKET NUMBER TEN

By GEORGE SHEED

THE sun was already down when we trotted around the nose of the hill in a long twisting line, four jaded troops. The horses pricked up their ears, the men grunted contentedly. At last we were in sight of the spot where we were to halt for the night.

Because a mummified old medicine-man chose to foam at the mouth (chewing soap) and see a vision of brand-new scalps, our work was cut out for us. A band of Bannocks was off the reservation, raiding, harrying, spotting the country with blood and ashes; so much worse than usual was the outbreak the colonel himself had taken in hand the task of driving them back; and we had done our sixty miles this day without a glimpse of the quarry. But we were hard on their heels. Three hours back we had come on a ruined cabin, and something by the smoking door that made the colonel's grizzled eyebrows grow ominous and the troopers beg for an early fight.

The horses, sniffing water, quickened their pace down the stony road. A small level patch of green lay at our feet, with a brook flowing along one edge and an old shack, untouched by any marauding hand, in the middle—an oasis in the wide waste of treeless hills. The wonder was that the Indians had passed it by.

"Who lives there?" asked the colonel.

"Johnny-under-the-Hill," I replied, in my official character of guide.

"Johnny-under—ch?"

"Yes, sir. He's a little off in the head, and it's the only name he's known by, but he answers to it. It isn't Indian—he's white, all right. And an old soldier."

"Old vet, is he?" returned the colonel, his tone softening a bit. "Well, he'll have company to-night."

Five minutes later we turned in upon the flat and the bugle sounded. Soon the horses were rolling and re-rolling upon the ground, working some sort of comfort into their tired bodies; the troopers had little piles of twigs blazing beneath their smoky cups of coffee, and already jests were being flung about among them. The business of the camp was, however, brief. Guards were posted somewhere out of sight, horses hobbled, fires out. And the dusk of the long summer twilight had hardly sifted down upon the earth when the men were asleep in their blankets, troop by troop, in a circling row around the edge of the flat. Oh, the colonel was not the one to be caught by any night rush!

Meanwhile I had seen nothing of the old Johnny—Johnny-under-the-Hill. The two or three times before when I had stopped here his singular infirmity had impressed itself deeply upon my mind. During the day he seemed mild enough, and rational, showing me his tiny garden and a fruit-bearing plum thicket by the creek; but on each occasion I had been awakened at night by an odd sensation. His voice had spoken out in the darkness: "Captain, I report for duty," and, after a pause, in answer, apparently, to some fancied word, "Picket Number 10." After that, until I fell asleep, I heard his footsteps up and down, and down, in front of the house. And a certain awe always grew upon me at thought of him holding this solitary vigil in the hills. I was wondering now how old Johnny would take the presence of the soldiers.

My curiosity had not long to wait. We were lying about the grass in a group, the colonel, his officers and I, having a last smoke before rolling into our blankets, when the old fellow appeared from somewhere, drew his feet together and gave a rusty salute. On his shoulder lay his carbine, on his head a dilapidated army cap. He was in a great state of excitement; his eyes had a mad light; his lean, brown, eager face, half covered with a ragged beard, worked and twisted; his body, crippled with rheumatism, was almost erect; and his gun trembled with a kind of ague. It was as if a phantom had risen up among us.

"Captain Burnham, I report for duty!"

He had the name right enough, but not the title. For a moment the colonel sat fully surprised; gradually he began to pull his moustache in perplexity.

"What is your name, my man?" he asked, gently.

"John Haven, sir." And with a trace of impatience, "Why you know it! John Haven, Seventh Pennsylvania Cavalry."

"What's that?" exclaimed the colonel, with a little in-taking of breath.

"Troop B, sir. I report for duty."

"My old troop! Haven—Hav—My God, this!"

He sprang to his feet. The rest of us sat fixed, just as we were,

hushed in the presence of this unfolding drama which we did not understand.

"Picket Number 10. I report for duty, sir," he reiterated.

In old Johnny's face there was no recognition other than that of the officer. His voice had the same stilted tone I had heard the nights when I had been aroused by his strange actions. He stood waiting, as if for something further to happen, while the colonel's brow wrinkled and wrinkled. At last the latter raised his head, and said: "Take your post, sir." He gravely returned the old man's salute, watched him march straight through the row of sleeping troopers out past the sentinel line, up to the top of a small knoll, where he began his picket, pacing back and forth and now and then pausing as if to listen. For a good three minutes, I think, the colonel stared after him, finally sat down to remain silent for the rest of the evening, but once I saw him shake his gray head, as if under a burden of memories.

Twilight slowly thickened into darkness. A breath of air stirred the ashes of the dead camp-fires, and fell quiet. One by one my companions rolled up in their blankets, pillowing their heads upon their saddles. Only the officer of the guard, who smoked for wakefulness, and the colonel, busy with his thoughts, kept their seats. The great round moon rose in the east, spreading a haze of silver light along the hills: under its shining face the circling row of sleeping soldiers lay whitened, and still as a row of the dead. The murmur of the nearby brook and the stir of the horses as they steadily cropped the grass within the circle were the only sounds. Yonder on the knoll, pacing and listening, clearly outlined in the bright moonlight, moved the figure of old Johnny—Picket Number 10.

The immensity of space, the peace of night, seemed to have driven all fatigue from my body; the sight of the old man, under the spell of his wild phantasy, bound, as by a chain, to his tireless vigil, quickened the thought within my mind. I was oppressed by a sense of mysteries, of tragedies hidden in the hollows of the land, read by only the high, all-seeing stars. What was the cause of this mad fire in his brain? What held him a prisoner in the past? An hour I watched him, until gradually his form grew dimmer, farther off, and my eyelids were sealed close.

Sound of a shot brought me to my knees. The death-shriek of an Indian echoed it. The bugle flung its sharp staccato warning on the air. It was dark, the moon behind a cloud in the west, but by the starlight I saw a ripple run round the row of sleepers, men rolling over upon their stomachs, heard the slap of rifles thrown across saddles—and silence. One minute—two!—followed by a distant rush somewhere of horses' feet, and there appeared for an instant against the faint dawn light along the east a silhouette of wild tossing riders.

The surprise had failed. But the colonel sent out scouts to make sure there was no ruse, though knowing as we did our enemy, who stakes all on the first cunning stroke, we guessed that we should see no more of them here. And, moreover, they had not, perhaps, suspected the nature of their game until they heard the bugle.

Johnny-under-the-Hill had given the alarm, so reported the officer of the guard. In the tension of the moment we had forgotten him. The moon crept out from behind its cover and showed the knoll empty; but we found him there, found him at his post—Picket Number 10. He was lying on the ground, the blood trickling from two stabs in his body, still alive; near him, face down, with hands knotted in the grass, was a dead Indian. Old Johnny! When we had checked his wounds as best we could, we bore him gently down the slope and through the soldiers.



THIS IS THE NEW MUTO CONVERTIBLE COAT

As shown in these illustrations the Muto Coat makes a dressy street or fine weather Overcoat, and in ten seconds it can be converted into an ideal garment for stormy weather, or for motoring or driving. Made in heavy weight cloths and in showerproof materials. It is the newest and cleverest idea in fine tailoring. Agents in every city and town in Canada.

TAILORED BY

The Lowndes Company, Limited,
142-144 West Front Street, Toronto

already asleep once more, and laid him on a blanket by his doorstep. We knew there was no hope—one glance told us that life was fast ebbing away.

His eyes opened, he struggled to speak.

"Captain, I re—"

The effort was too much for his little strength and he lay back, gasping, his hand reaching out aimlessly. The colonel took the gnarled fingers and held them in his own strong grasp, and I honored him for the fear that stole down his bronzed cheek. The rest of us stood by, grave. We had all seen death come to men, yes, and faced it ourselves, but in its approach now we were touched by something of its solemnity.

When finally the colonel looked up and spoke, his voice was rough with sorrow.

"For this man," he said, "life was more painful than death will be. I was a captain in the Civil War, and he was my best trooper. He followed me through all the campaigns until one day near the close of the war. When we went into a fight it was really he who led the men, not I, and he went in with a laugh. You see a man like that once in a while. But that wasn't where he was bravest. When the other fellows were worn out, or sick, or what is worse, homesick, he cheered them up. You know what it is to be in the saddle day and night, how hard it is to smile then. John Haven did it. He seemed made of iron, ready any time for an extra night service or to lend a hand when the doctor's knife was busy—and this is what is left of him! There is something worse to come though; his name stands on the military records dishonored and disgraced."

"Maybe some of you have a brother—well, he had one. The boy was in the troop, too, a mere stripling,

ten years younger than John, and not so strong. But there was the same pluck in him. I've seen him, staggering with fever, climb into his saddle and ride without a word. Oh, those were hard times! John watched over him like a mother, helping him where he could. As the months went by the young fellow grew thinner, yet he never gave in, nor would he take a leave. The fun, he said, was just beginning. And after a little came our big raid.

"It was during the time just following the Wilderness campaign. There was fighting every day, for we were at each other's throats at last. Finally came orders for the cavalry to get round the Confederate lines and to cut into them from behind; five thousand started on that ride. Not a man who could stick in his saddle remained behind, and those who couldn't begged to be tied on their horses. The second day we got separated from the main column, a couple of hundred of us, completely lost; and the enemy knew it. We did not turn back. Some of you perhaps know what it is to have a hard officer—our major was one. And he swore we should go where we had started for if it ended in death.

"From that time on it was a race with the enemy. We lost all direction, on one night finding ourselves where we had been the night before. Our blind road took us through woods and swamps that confused and misled us continually, and the rain fell every day. I remember that we saw the sun but once. At night we threw ourselves on the wet ground, never daring to build a fire; at daybreak we stumbled on. For a whole week we lived like this, ever hungry, ever exhausted, and every day we fought the enemy. The dead lay where they fell, the wounded—who knows? Half the men had flung their guns away, because they had no powder, and when they fought it was only with

bare sabres. If our ride did not end in death, it at least passed through it. "One night we got into a swamp that seemed to have no outlet. John had done sentinel duty the night before; it was his brother's turn now, but the boy was sick. John went with him to his post, and when the latter fainted took his place. And when the relief made its rounds he was found asleep—on duty."

The colonel's voice grew husky and he stopped. We heard only the struggling breath of the dying man on the ground. The light along the eastern rim of hills was strengthening; the sky became pearl and pink. "That was a time for a man to show mercy," went on the speaker once more. "An officer must know when to draw the lines tight, when to let them go loose; but our major knew only one way, and that was to hold them fast always. He had John Haven court-martialed at sunrise, and would have had him shot then and there had not the rest of us borne him down. As it was, John was stripped of his uniform and dishonorably discharged. After all, shooting would have been more merciful, for now he was alive, but with a broken heart. And—as sure as I believe in God—I think that officer shall have his punishment some day, as this poor victim of his savage spirit shall have his reward."

"For a whole week, I have said, we had been in this swamp, but on the morning of John's disgrace we got out of it, after a fight. Those seven days of floundering in that terrible quagmire, of purposeless beating back and forth, of bitter starvation, of cold, of hand-to-hand encounters and desperate struggles and bloody conflicts, have no name in history. It made one of those numberless small battles that stand overshadowed by the great ones, unknown, in fact, except by those who fought through it: we call it simply The

Swamp. On the last morning of it we cut our way through the enemy, found higher ground at last, and got back to our lines.

"It was in the light of that morning that I saw the last of John Haven—until now. When the order was given to charge, I found him ready with the rest, his face pale, wearing the look of one who seeks death. I saw his brother go down, shot through the heart, but John never paused, never wavered, riding straight ahead. Once I was hard pressed and he saved my life. When next I saw him, through a sudden rift of smoke, he was lying on the ground, quiet, blood flowing from a gash in his head; next moment I was swept on by the fury of the battle."

That was the end of the story. The colonel's eyes were fixed upon old John's haggard face, as if to read in it the misery of all the intervening years. We others gazed wonderingly upon the man whose soul was a hero's, whose life a tragedy. All was silent. The dawn gradually spread wider; a bird in the plum-thicket by the creek began to sing. Suddenly the bugle sounded its golden notes along the morning. Old John stirred, sat up.

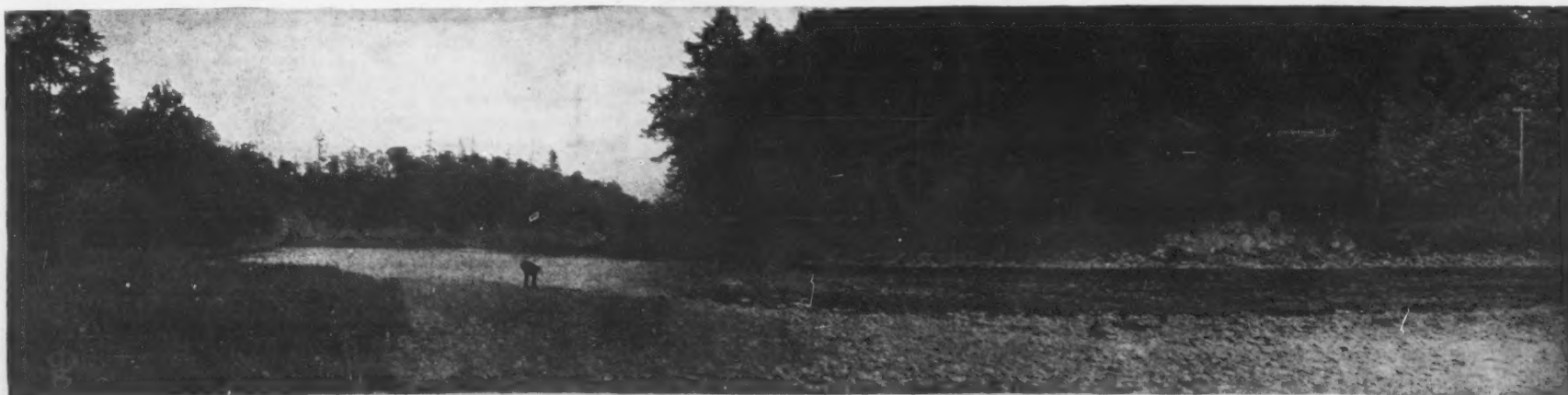
"Captain Burnham!" he cried, in a clear, ringing voice, "I report for duty!"

Breathless we waited.

Then answered the colonel steadily, as if reading an order: "Trooper John Haven, Seventh Pennsylvania Cavalry, Troop B, is mentioned for conspicuous bravery at Picket Number 10, relieved from duty, and honorably discharged from service in the army of his country."

A change came slowly over the old man's face, a light that transfigured it, and from his lips escaped a whisper, a sigh of rest:

"Now I can sleep!"—From the San Francisco Argonaut.



A Beautiful Scene on Price's Dairy Farm, Erindale, Ont.



TORONTO SATURDAY NIGHT.

JOSEPH T. CLARK, Editor.

SATURDAY NIGHT, LIMITED, Proprietors.

SATURDAY NIGHT is a twenty-page illustrated paper, published weekly and devoted to its readers. It aims to be a wholesome paper for healthy people.

OFFICE: SATURDAY NIGHT BUILDING, Adelaide Street West, Toronto, Ontario, Canada.

Telephone: (Private Branch Exchange connects with all Departments.) Main 6640 6641

EASTERN BRANCH OFFICE:

Board of Trade Building, (Tel. Main 285) MONTREAL.

LONDON, ENGLAND, BRANCH OFFICE:

Byron House, 85 Fleet Street, E.C.

"TORONTO SATURDAY NIGHT" is on sale in England at the principal news stands in London, Manchester, Liverpool and Southampton, controlled by W. H. Smith & Son, and Wyman & Co., News Vendors. Subscriptions to points in Canada, United Kingdom, Newfoundland, New Zealand and certain other British possessions will be received on the following terms:

One Year.....\$2.00
Six Months.....1.00
Three Months......50

Postage to American, European and other foreign countries \$1.00 per year extra.

Entered as second-class matter March 6th, 1908, at the post office at Buffalo, N. Y., under the Act of Congress of March 3rd 1879.

Advertisements—Advertising rates furnished on application. No advertisements but those of a reputable character will be inserted.

Vol. 21. TORONTO, CANADA, OCTOBER 3, 1908 No. 51

!?! POINTS ABOUT PEOPLE !?!

THE BEGINNING OF MR. MACKENZIE KING'S CAREER.

IT was a small thing that started William Lyon Mackenzie King on the road to fame. The young statesman, whose campaign in North Waterloo will undoubtedly be one of the most spectacular in the approaching election, after a brilliant course in political economy at the University of Toronto, found a ready outlet for his genius in journalism, joining the staff of a local paper. Naturally interested in the labor problem, he contrived to attend all the socialistic and labor gatherings he could, and thus became thoroughly posted on labor conditions in the city.

One Sunday afternoon, Mr. King's father, John King, K.C., a warm personal friend of Sir William Mulock, then Postmaster-General, decided to stroll over to the Mulock residence for a chat, as he was often in the habit of doing. Seeing that "Willie" was unoccupied he suggested that the latter should accompany him. The son demurred, but after some persuasion was induced to join his father in the walk. The Postmaster-General welcomed the visitors, and after the three had been seated in the library for some time, the conversation turned to the labor problem. His pet subject having been thus introduced, Mr. King, Jr., let fall some sagacious remarks, which made Sir William sit up and take notice. The idea of establishing a Government Department of Labor flashed across his mind, to be followed a moment later by the thought that W. L. M. King was just the man to take hold of it.

Action followed immediately. Thus, Mr. King's career as a public man was the outcome of a chance walk on a Sunday afternoon.

MR. MACKENZIE KING
Speaking at Berlin.



HON. SYDNEY FISHER'S QUEER CONTEST.

OF course the Liberals of Brome re-nominated the Hon. Sydney Fisher as their candidate. Naturally they are proud of their Minister representative, and up to the present time they have found it no inconvenience to have the seat occupied by a member of the government. There are more young men and women from Brome county living in Ottawa than was the case a few years ago. Barring accident, as they say with respect to sporting events, Mr. Fisher will win, and yet there is in his contest an element of humorous interest, and perhaps of a little uncertainty. His opponents, at least, think that it gives them a chance. Against Mr. Fisher is a straight Conservative candidate, a solid farmer who does not agree with the policy of the farmer Minister. Between the two is a third candidate with more ambition than experience, but with some oratorical ability, and a "nerve" that almost staggers the modest people of Brome. Besides the notoriety to be won by opposing a prominent man as Mr. Fisher, this third candidate has the fur-

ther distinction of having the most peculiar plank ever built into a political platform in this country. It is reform of the regulations respecting tuberculosis in cattle; and this candidate is neither a farmer nor a veterinary surgeon. He is a lawyer.

In the adjoining county of Missisquoi this young lawyer has a friend, who in a large way is engaged in farming. The trouble with the Department of Agriculture respecting the tuberculous regulations originated on this gentleman's farm, and seeing eye to eye with the young lawyer they decided to overthrow the government. The lawyer decided to oppose Mr. Fisher in Brome, and the lawyer's farmer friend decided to oppose Mr. Fisher's candidate in Missisquoi. And so Mr. Fisher, in this section of the Eastern Townships at least, has to fight not only his old line Conservative opponents, but also a sort of veterinary science party—the first and only one of the kind in Canada.

MONTREAL'S SHAMROCK DIVISION.

THE political wheel of fortune, now set in motion in every constituency in Canada, has thrown back into the arena in Montreal a man whose name has not been associated with partisan warfare for many years. He is ex-Judge Doherty, who after a dozen years of service recently retired from the Supreme Court Bench. The Conservatives of St. Ann's division of Montreal have chosen him as their candidate. Mr. Doherty was a clever lawyer, a hard-working, conscientious Judge, and he has had besides some experience in politics, for years ago he ran for the Provincial Legislature, but was defeated. Of course, time can only tell what will be the result of this venture, but this much is certain—St. Ann's cannot now be counted as a safe Liberal seat.

St. Ann's is a good old Irish constituency, supplying on March 17, the majority of those who make the day joyous through the St. Patrick procession. "The great city of Griffintown," "Jimmie" McShane used to call it, when for a short time he represented the division in the House of Commons. It has during its long history sent several notable men to Parliament, perhaps its greatest member having been D'Arcy McGee, one of the most brilliant orators that ever graced a Canadian platform, or held the attention of the Canadian House of Commons. The manner of his tragic death is still remembered. Another of St. Ann's favorites was Mr. Justice Curran, a big-hearted, genial Irishman, who in the days of Sir John Macdonald was for several years Solicitor-General of Canada.

Mr. Doherty's opponent will likely be the late member, J. C. Walsh, a young Irish lawyer, who carried the seat after Dan. Gallery, elected at the general campaign of 1904, was unseated and disqualified for having been careless enough to pay cabmen for their services on polling day. Mr. Walsh is a young man who came up very quickly. A few years ago he was a law student putting himself through college with the assistance of newspaper work. To-day he has a good practice, and has been able to write "M.P." after his name. Like his great chief he is noted for the geniality of his manner. It is so pronounced and so useful, that he has come to be known as "Sunny Joe." He and Mr. Doherty will make a pretty fight in the Shamrock division of Montreal.

DR. PICKEL OF SWEETSBURG.

THE Conservatives of Missisquoi County, Quebec, have chosen a candidate with a sour name, but nevertheless, one with a fair chance of winning the seat. He is Dr. Pickel, of Sweetzburg, the home of Senator Baker. If anyone will stop to recall the incidents of the general elections of 1904, the name of Dr. Pickel should come to his mind, and coupled with the name of the young doctor will be that of Lord Dundonald, one of the heroes of the Boer war, and for a time the *bête-noir* of the Hon. Sidney Fisher.

It will be remembered that certain appointments were made to the staff of the 13th Scottish Light Dragoons, a corps recruited in this part of the Eastern Townships, and perhaps called Scottish because there are comparatively so few Scotch people in these counties. Dr. Pickel was one of the appointees, but the appointment was not looked upon with favor by Mr. Fisher, member for the adjoining county of Brome, and at the time acting Minister of Militia. This led to the clash with Lord Dundonald, the officer at the time commanding the Canadian militia. The clash led to Dundonald's retirement from the Canadian service, and the whole affair created considerable smoke at the last general elections. But there was more smoke than fire, and it is doubtful if the agitation changed the result in a single constituency.

Dr. Pickel has now launched upon public life on his own account, and is making a very active and, his friends say, a very promising canvass of the county. The Liberals have not yet selected their candidate, but he will likely be the late member, and their well tried old war-horse, "Uncle Dan" Meigs. He is a little slow in start-



HON. RODOLPHE'S SMILE.
The P. M. G. is a Very Persuasive Talker.



HON. W. J. BOWSER
A B. C. Campaigner in Ontario.

ing, but in many a contest he has proved himself strong at the finish.

THE JUDGE'S REVENGE.

THE late Chief Justice Armour, before the days of his elevation to the bench, was a great lover of trees, and on his summer place at Cobourg he cultivated many specimens. He was especially fond of a noble row of chestnut trees that grew in beauty and vigor in a line a few feet from the fence that separated his property from that adjoining. The owner of this estate seemingly was not fond of lingering 'neath the shade of trees. He was apparently a man who, could he have seen Coubert communing with his beloved trees, would have called the painter mad.

This neighbor was a man also intent on securing the full measure of his legal rights, and one day when Mr. Armour went out to view his trees he found the neighbor had cut off each branch of the chestnuts that overhung his property, leaving an ugly jagged line parallel with the separating fence.

The future Chief Justice revealed nothing of his chagrin or annoyance to the depredator, did not upbraid him, nor employ his knowledge of law to make him pay for his work, so that the neighbor began to think he had done exactly right, and that the legal mind next door fully acquiesced with his own view as to how a man might act in preserving his rights and privileges.

Some weeks after the neighbor went to town and purchased a new buggy, and one day after having been out in the trap, he left it reposing in his own lane. Leaving his house for a visit to the trees, the Chief Justice saw something that startled him, to wit, that the shafts of the buggy extended several feet through the fence, into his own grounds. It was but the work of a few seconds for Mr. Armour to secure a sharp saw, and after a very careful measurement, to mark the exact line on the shafts beyond which they protruded into his grounds. Then the saw got busy, and soon the two shaft ends were sliced off and lay prone on the ground, which was a very neat legal revenge—one that should have appealed with striking force to the sense of justice Mr. Neighbor undoubtedly possessed—maybe.

A TALE OF TWO CITIES.

SOMEONE recalls a story in which Robert Barr, the novelist, and the late James Maclaren, lumberman, figured, twenty years or so ago. It was at the time of the great revival of snow-shoeing and tobogganing in the middle eighties that the incident occurred. A party of Montrealers, members of one of the big snow-shoe clubs, went out to a small place called Buckingham and gave a concert. Robert Barr, not so famous then as he afterwards became, was one of the party as a guest. He was driven from the station to Buckingham by Mr. Maclaren, who conducted large lumbering interests there and at Ottawa, and who was, I believe, president of the Bank of Ottawa at his death.

Until quite recently the Maclaren lumber piles lined the west side of this road for two miles right down to the bank of the Ottawa river. As they drove along Mr. Barr remarked: "There is a great amount of lumber in those piles."

"Yes," returned Mr. Maclaren, "there is about enough here to do Chicago for a day!"

In relating the incident to his party, Mr. Barr said: "When the King of Buckingham told me that, I fully realized what great places Buckingham and Chicago are."

Of the merry party that assembled that day nearly all long since closed their days of joking and laughter, but not before several of them had made their names honored and well known. Mr. Barr, though he has climbed a long, hard climb since then and occupies a safe position on the literary ladder in London, looks almost as young, despite his beard, as he did then. In passing, it might be added that Chicago to-day uses two thousand millions of feet of lumber daily.

WHEN A "WANT AD." BROUGHT RESULTS.

THERE is an evening paper in Toronto that claims to be a great advertising medium, and constantly advertises that fact. The other day the editor was called up on the telephone, and this is the conversation that followed:

"Hello, is that the editor of The—?"

"Yes."

"You claim that your paper is a good advertising medium, don't you?"

"We think it is."

"Guess you're about right. I have an instance to tell you."

"Glad to hear it. What is it?"

"Well, the other day, Mrs. — Smith, on our street, advertised in your paper for a girl. Your want ads surely bring results, for the next day she had twins—both girls."

The editor hurriedly hung up the receiver.

HIS REPORTERS DID PIECE WORK.

FOR many years Charles W. Mitchell was proprietor of The Free Press, the government organ at Ottawa. He had some quaint business maxims and rules, but managed to amass considerable money before disposing of his property about five years ago. As the hands in many industrial establishments are paid by piece work, it was the firm belief of Mr. Mitchell that he got more news and more diligent work, out of the members of his reportorial staff by paying them so much per column. Each man was given certain fixed assignments to cover, and at the end of the week his dupes were scanned and measured by the proprietor.

Some of the strings would be long at certain seasons of the year, but at other times, when there was not much doing, the "reel," as the pasted-together items were called, would be rather short.

Believing that "many little makes a muckle," Bernard Mullin, who some years ago was on the staff, was in the habit of turning in numerous short paragraphs. When chaffed about the many small items which he handed in, "Barney," as he was familiarly known, would smile and say that his items might not be as long as

some of those written by the other boys, but they were just as broad. It so happened that in one week he wrote three different items about a new dock. The first appeared on Monday, and was to the effect that good progress was being made on the wharf. On Wednesday another paragraph was printed to tell how stone was being drawn for the last pier of the structure, and on Saturday the gratifying announcement was made that the wharf was finished. When "Barney" put in his string at the end of the week to be measured up, the proprietor, in glancing over it, noticed all the references to the dock, and turning to Mullin with a significant look, he said:

"Barney, don't you think that it is a darn good thing for me and my pocket that this dock is at last completed?"

THE MEANEST NEWSPAPER MAN.

A STORY is told of the meanest newspaper proprietor in Ontario. He ran a small "country daily," and had always been known as an exceptionally close mortal.

In his employ some years ago as "devil" was a lad who now holds one of the most responsible positions on a leading journal in Montreal. The proprietor lost his young daughter, and asked the boy Fred, who was a kind and obliging little chap, if he would act as one of the bearers at the funeral. Fred readily consented and went home at noon to change his clothes. He assisted at the last sad rites, and afterwards he did not think it worth while to return to the office and help get out the evening paper, but went straight home.

When pay day came around the proprietor's grief over the death of a member of his family had been somewhat assuaged, and he remarked to the lad, who was earning the princely salary of \$2 per week: "I did not see you around here to assist in folding papers the other afternoon."

"No," came the response, "I had on my best clothes and I did not want to dirty my suit."

"Well," replied the venal owner, "you should have reported to the foreman, I will have to dock you for the afternoon, as you failed to show up."

He then counted out the lad \$1.80 as his week's pay.

THE CAT HADN'T CHANGED.

THERE is a little five-year-old tot in West Toronto City. Her name is Estelle.

Estelle must have heard somebody using strong language lately, for one day last week her mother heard her scolding her pet cat, which apparently would not do what his little mistress wanted him to.

"Oh, you damn cat!" said the child, severely.

This, of course, brought forth a good scolding from the mother, who sent her little daughter upstairs in disgrace, with the admonition never to say that again, or she would be spanked.

Next day, however, the cat seemed to be misbehaving again, for the parent heard Estelle berating him once more.

"You—you—you—" she began.

"Estelle!" said the mother, warningly.

"All right, mamma, I won't say it," was the assuring reply, "but, anyway, he is the same kind of a cat he was yesterday."

EARNING MONEY ON THE SIDE.

AN energetic newspaper man of Ottawa, who has a fever for making money on the side, is in the habit of wiring several papers across the line when anything of importance happens in Canada, to see if they will not take "a story." In this way he earns several dollars toward helping to keep the wolf from the door. Recently, he picked up a week-old daily from the neighboring city of Montreal and, seeing a paragraph which he thought would be of interest to the people in Minneapolis, he sent a query asking how much they would take.

Now it so happened that he urged them to hustle the answer. The item was very old, and the news editor of the western daily, knowing this, sent the following response: "Have you anything new on the fall of Jerusalem that you could send us instead? If so, rush three hundred words."

Canada, Australia, and Smooth Japan.

ST. JAMES'S BUDGET, of London, has this to say about the vexing Japanese problem:

It will come as a rude awakening to Australians to learn that English is being taught in the schools of Japan, not only in the middle and high schools, but in the primary also, as fast as teachers can be found. Japanese courtesy which has been so marked in the replies given to the appeals of Canada and the island Commonwealth may still interfere to prevent coolies flocking to Sydney and Melbourne, but the barrier hitherto relied upon by those cities, the dictation test of fifty words, will soon lose its power. The enterprising coolie, duly instructed in English in his country's schools, will take a lot of "ploughing." How to strengthen the tottering barricade is a problem not easy of solution. Japan agrees amicably enough with Canada to limit her emigrants to 500 per annum, but would she agree with Australia to stop them altogether? And if she did a verbal agreement is not the most satisfactory guarantee in such an important matter, yet anything more is out of the question. Japan absolutely declines to sign with any nation whatever a formal treaty that would have the effect of putting her people on a plane below the white races. A heavy poll-tax might have the desired effect of repairing the breaches in the "great barrier reef," but is Australia prepared to risk the indignation, resulting, perhaps, in a boycott of her imports, that might follow such an ordinance?

Some effort should be made this winter in Toronto to conduct any system of relief that may be found necessary, without making such a noise as will attract the unemployed of half a continent.

Will the reader in Perth who has remitted \$2.50 to SATURDAY NIGHT kindly write again and send address so that a reply may be sent from this office?

The News says that Mr. H. B. Ames, M.P., with his pictured politics, aroused irrepressible enthusiasm at Welland, the meeting place being packed to the doors. The Star says only about a hundred turned out to the meeting, and these dwindled away to a handful. What is the poor reader to believe when furnished with reports so contradictory?

After being down to the Maritime Provinces and through Eastern Ontario, Hon. W. J. Hanna predicts a political upheaval. But Mr. Hanna having reached office through a provincial upheaval in Ontario, may have got into the way of expecting one every time.

An English Girl in Canada

"Comrades Two: A Story of the Qu'Appelle Valley" by Elizabeth Freemantle.—Some Interesting Experiences and Opinions.

THIS book purports to be the diary kept by an educated and intelligent English girl, telling of her residence for several years in the Canadian west up to the time of her marriage to "The One" who will some day inherit an estate in England and return there. It is an interesting book, illumined at times by some poetic thinking. It is a diary, and not a story, and yet within it, there is a very pretty story, too. In a recent issue, a correspondent of SATURDAY NIGHT, in discussing the Canadian National Exhibition, remarked that "Ontario people have a tendency to be too self-satisfied," and as there is considerable truth in the charge we have decided to reproduce some of the comments on things Canadian put forward in this volume by this young Englishwoman. It must not be forgotten that the people spoken of have been met with in the Great West, where the towns are new and the ground fresh-broken to the plow. In order to do the writer of the book no injustice it must be explained that her attitude is not one of criticism; these excerpts have been rooted out of odd corners of the volume in the hope that some of them may prove helpful, as showing how things look to the stranger in our midst. In discussing farm-help the following remarks are offered:

"The farm hands return to their own homes at night—nice cosy little log houses they have too, since Jack is as good as his master in this country, and frequently he thinks himself a great deal better. When Jack is of Canadian extraction, this attitude of equality is not at all unpleasant or aggressive, but when a horrid English emigrant adopts this free-and-easy manner he becomes altogether obnoxious and abominable. The lower-class Canadian is a pleasant, jolly 'hail-fellow' sort of person, who never by any accident drops his 'h's' or fails to remove his pipe from his mouth when he meets a woman in the street. But it is also a significant fact that he raises his hat even to the wife of his employer: it would never occur to him to touch it after the respectful manner of the poorer classes at home in England. For instance, the Barnardo boys who come to Canada, speedily learn this somewhat surprising method of salutation, and whisk off their hats and say 'How do?' with great style, an insolent grin illuminating their faces the while. They are not Canadians and they cannot grace these actions at all. Such people jar our sensibilities; they upset our sense of the fitness of things. The English in the Canadian Northwest deeply realize the wisdom of the upper classes in England, who decree that Jack is by no means as good as his master, and who also insist that, whatever the said Jack's ideas on the subject may be, he keeps them to himself. In short, he must touch his hat and not lift it."

"The dear English ladies of the Northwest, how fine and brave they are, coming as many of them do from a life of comparative ease and comfort to one of bodily fatigue and strenuous economy—and this, perhaps, because of a tender affection for a man, a younger son maybe, with a younger son's usual portion and fond ideals of the Far West. The Linnet of to-day, up to her elbows in dough, with flour on her nose and the frenzy of bread-making in her eyes, must be a contrast, indeed, to the former Linnet, faultlessly dressed, bowling along the English lanes in a smart dog-cart, dreaming nothing of the coming labors of colonial life. The Linnet of last winter, grudgingly giving yet one more stick of the precious wood to a refractory kitchen stove—what a difference to the Linnet of former days who basked before the cosy fire, drinking tea that she had not brewed, and eating fairy-cakes that somehow must have made themselves!"

"There is, therefore, a strong freemasonry among the English in a Canadian settlement: each helps the other, and sympathy and practical assistance are freely given to the newcomer by those whose apprenticeship to colonial life is already served. Linnet's broad brow and intelligent eyes fit her for a life of art and thought, yet are they now used for the purpose of making five cents go as far as ten, which accomplishment it must be admitted needs the finest and sharpest of wits."

"This dear woman, and other brave women like her, make me feel ashamed of myself, for their desires and ambitions (and who knows if not more keen and lofty than mine) are for the time being grandly merged in duty and diligence. Such women are cheered by the knowledge of their own inner resources and strengthened by the bond which binds us all, namely, the cheerful thought of that 'Someday' when the cakes will again make and bake themselves, and the clothes stretched on the line, fluttering 'clean but ridiculous' in the breezes, will have been washed by other and more accustomed hands."

"The people born in the country do not seem to get half the amusement out of life that we English manage to derive, though not by any means to the manner born and feeling so often tired and dispirited. The Canadians plough and sow and reap with praiseworthy singleness of purpose, consequently they make money, and because they have made it, they keep it. Their dissipation consists of a wild time with Moody and Sankey's hymns on Sunday evenings, when they break loose on the 'organ' (here pronounced 'argon'), or as we more properly call that abomination, the harmonium. This, and an occasional barbaric dance in the big kitchen of (for choice) a neighbor's farm, where tea and sandwiches are passed around out of buckets and clothes-baskets, constitute the sole recreation of the genuine sons of the prairie. It would take a charge of dynamite to blow a joke into such heads as these, and another one to blow it out before the poor thing was worn threadbare."

"There is no doubt that the English settlers, in spite of much uncongenial work and often weary bodies, manage to infuse into the life an element of humor and jollity that keeps the heart young, and, often in good-natured expense of each other, the risible muscles in good working order."

"Getting up early is really a shocking habit. The 'lady' dwellers in the Infernal City (is Fernie meant?), that coal-town in the mountains previously referred to, never speak of 'getting up'; they are either too refined or not refined enough to take such a liberty with the English language, for they speak with pursed lips of 'rising' and 'retiring,' and the effect of such words on a person of less punctilious habits of speech is very freezing. The mind seems forbidden to travel beyond the sacred portals of their bedroom doors. Dare anyone



A RUSH FOR CANADA.

The Canadian Pacific, having advertised in England for men to work on the railway, with free transportation to Canada, the crowd shown in our picture was seen at the C.P.R. offices, London, one morning recently.

venture to imagine the lady who 'retires' brushing her teeth, for instance, or doing anything so vulgar as to take off her clothes? The Canadian lady who 'retires' really intends to infuse into the world the idea that she is a kind of goddess, and one wonders how she can ever bring herself to climb into such a vulgar-sounding thing as a bed. Neither, in the Infernal City, or for that matter anywhere among a certain class of Canadian society, must you say 'leg'; it should be 'limb,' for thus are their tender blushes spared. Yet the same lady who invariably conforms to rigid, if unwritten, laws of etiquette, will tell you pathetically, and as an excuse for not partaking of a certain kind of cake for tea, that she was 'so sick at her stomach yesterday.' Now I would rather say 'bed' twenty times and 'leg' fifty, than to confess to anything so disgusting as having been 'sick at the stomach,' thereby probably proving my utter English lack of refinement (*vide* infernal opinions *passim*)."

All of which this journal respectfully submits to the attention of readers the country over. But to turn from that kind of thing, let us quote an example of the author in another vein, as she sees an Indian riding across the plains towards the sunset:

"I am sure that nowhere else in the whole world can be found sunset skies to surpass in extravagant beauty these of this western land. And this new sense of peace that has come seems to make them doubly beautiful."

"A solitary Indian on a thin pony gives a finishing touch to the scene, and he is riding straight into the sunset, his red blanket making a blot just two shades darker than the sky. The one feather that adorns his head sticks out sideways, and I have sketched him as he rides."

"A great pity for the vanishing race comes to me; their lands, their game, their very lives it seems, are absorbed by the mighty, advancing tide of white men. But forty, nay thirty years ago, the Indians were the lords of the rolling prairies, sinewy, fighting braves who said with pride that their fathers 'were born in the Morning of the World.' Where these few remaining children of the sunset (alas, no longer Sons of the Morning!) now rapidly decay and die before the march of civilization, there were, but those few short years ago, lusty, galloping hordes, hot on the war trail, or as hot on the trail of the snorting buffalo. A white, crumpling skull, short-horned, with staring, empty eye-sockets, lying a little way from me in the sunburnt yellowing grass, and that lonely dignified figure, walking his lean pony into the west, are typical of the vanished millions of buffalo and the departing glories of the red man. Where is now the heat and passion of the chase, the brute pride in hoof and horn, or the savage delight in the singing, accurate arrow? Where indeed? The old chiefs still tell tales around the dying camp-fires, tales of glory and of blood, of much gain and many scalps, till their dim and sunken eyes glow again with the fervor and fierceness of savage youth. Poor old chiefs! The hearts of their sons and grandsons are half and three-quarters white; the younger men wear the accursed trousers and cover their heads with the hats of the white men."

"The voices of the old warriors sink away, the fire dies from their eyes; with bitterness they close their thin-lipped mouths and check the eloquence of their murderous tongues. Of what use to talk to these pale-hearted sons of the days that were? Let them follow the plough, breed cattle, and sow grain, and presently die of the diseases that the white man brings to them."

"The Indian who still prefers a feather to a hat is lost in the West; the hues of the wonderful upper world are fading, and the night wind drifts by like a long, sad sigh. The finality of all earthly existence is peculiarly patent in this evening hour."

Change and decay in all around I see.

Surely to the truly wise the line that follows must be the *summum bonum*, both of logical and instinctive desire:

O Thou, Who changeest not, abide with me."

His Highness Abbas Pasha Hilmi, Khedive of Egypt and sovereign of Nubia, of the Soudan, of Kordofan, and of Darfur, who recently arrived in London, is the Admirable Crichton of living rulers. He is strikingly handsome, and is thirty-four years of age. He is an accomplished pianist, a lover of gardening, a clever farmer, a skillful engineer, a scientist, a keen business man, and a noted breeder of horses. He frequently amuses himself by driving a railway engine, he commands his luxurious yacht in person, and he is known far and wide as a daring motorist. To these accomplishments the khedive adds fluency in German, French, English, Arabic, Turkish, Italian, and Persian, and a knowledge of military tactics.

Journalistic Hot-Shot

In the Bryan-Taft Election

PERSONALITIES! The United States press is of a certainty full of them just now. Election campaigns in Canada are so short that our politicians do not have their characters, their hobbies, their faces and their fallacies so elaborately and carefully delineated as do American politicians, and especially Presidential candidates. For this and other reasons we find in the American newspapers references to Bryan and Taft of a kind not to be found in Canadian papers concerning Laurier or Borden. Here are a few that bite and scintillate:

Life, New York, says: What is the use saying anything about Bryan? Bryan is Bryan. That is all there is of it. To show that he is mentally the same, even though he aspires to be conservative, he goes around this fall putting to the front of his expositions his bank-depositors' guarantee scheme and his plan for curing the trusts, both of which are as unsound and fallacious as any scheme he ever advocated. He does hitch his wagon to the —dest stars, and he is so confident and childlike and hopeful about each one, and talks so plausibly about it, that you have to go away smiling.

Harper's Weekly: But what about the little "scares" that are popping up day by day? Has Bryan a chance? That he stands somewhat better than he stood immediately after the convention at Denver may be admitted. There is no enthusiasm in the Democratic ranks; but none was expected to develop, so there is no disappointment there. On the other hand, such utter listlessness has never existed in the Republican party since it was organized. The bottom of the campaign-chest is hardly covered; the thousands who suffered from the effects of the President's tirades are still sore and angry, and—Mr. Taft has not seemed to catch hold. The "me, too" notion daily becomes more prevalent. The experienced Old Doctor meanwhile has made no real mistakes. His talk is the usual twaddle, but not offensive, and he is working patiently along his pacificatory line with characteristic assiduity. He has no help, pecuniary or advisory, that is worth a cent. His is an exclusively personal canvass, and even such progress as has been made

evidences the man's exceptional gifts. Once in a while, too, he lets himself go, and when he does he scores. In his tilt with the garrulous Mr. Cannon he had altogether the better of it. So he would have beyond a doubt in a debate with the Republican candidate. But is he winning votes in any number? We think not. The people think his election would really mean, as he himself declares, a renewal of disturbance—and they want peace and quiet. That, in our judgment, is the whole situation in a nutshell, and not likely to change. Mr. Bryan will get more votes than Judge Parker received at the polls, but even with Oklahoma's we doubt if he will obtain any more from the electoral college, because Taft is quite likely to carry Maryland as well as Missouri. In brief, the Old Doctor hasn't a chance on earth, never has had, never will have. He has become a platitudinous bore.

Life: "It seems more valiant than wise of Taft to take the stump against Bryan, whose great specialty is speech. But perhaps the Western voters need the evidence of their senses that there is a real man running on the Republican ticket. Mr. Taft can talk excellent sense, but speechmaking is with him a supplementary accomplishment, whereas with Brother Bryan everything else is supplementary and speech the main exhibit. The substance of Brother Bryan's remarks makes very little difference. He can make anything go in a crowd by his skillful manner of imparting it, a fact that gives him an advantage over Brother Taft, who must use considerable discretion about what he says. The Republican party and platform being what they are makes it seem somewhat like egg-dancing to say much about them, but so long as Mr. Taft can talk about himself he will be safe, and as the visual exhibition he is sure to impress and gratify the largest crowds."

New York Sun: "By business in general how can Mr. Bryan be trusted? The bad money streak; the passion for demagogic monkeying with sound currency and sound banking; the shallow, vehement acceptance of any economic or financial craze of the moment, these are as much a part of Bryan as his easy emotion and his unquenchable debauch of speech. When you read the Bryan platform you don't know 'exactly what to expect,' no matter what limitations and prohibitions Mr. Bryan puts upon his search for popular issues and his thirst for half-baked radicalisms. You know that on a demagogic platform built by himself is the restless adventurer in innovations, the dabbler in disastrous theories, the old hand at humbugs, the man who is crazy to be President."

Washington Post: "It is human nature to take sides. Some of the voters will begin to see great fighting qualities in the Nebraska Whirlwind. Others will perceive that the Ohio Mastodon does wonderful footwork for a heavyweight. Enthusiasm will rise as the combatants skirmish toward a clinch. It will be at fever heat when they begin the delivery of real short-arm punches."

Harper's Weekly: "Inquiries about Judge Taft's religious belief have been answered by the assurance that he is a Unitarian, but that reply, the Brooklyn Eagle says, 'appears to be unsatisfactory to many persons, and they are anxious for an elaboration of his religious convictions from his own mouth.' We doubt if they get it. Mr. Taft is a Unitarian, and believes in Roosevelt, and has not hesitated to say so. For the purposes of this campaign that will probably have to do."

Canadian Art Once More.

Editor of Saturday Night: I am still a little bit puzzled about Miss K. E. Wallis' piece of statuary, "Mercury Charmed with his Invention," in the Museum of the Education Department. Has the paint been taken off? Will it come off? Has anyone tried to get it off?

A rumor has come to my ear that this beautiful piece of sculpture has been purchased by the Government. If so, it is the property of you, sir, and me, and all the citizens of Ontario; and I presume it is permitted to me to ask these questions. I ask them thus publicly through your columns. Yours faithfully,

ARNOLD HAULTAIN.

Toronto, September 30, '08.

Postscript—A rumor has also reached my ear to the effect that the sculptor herself was to visit Toronto this year. I am sure the public would like to know what she thought of her work as painted by the Department.



CANADIAN HIGHLANDERS IN ENGLAND.

The photograph shows the two non-commissioned officers and six men of the 48th Highlanders, Toronto, who, with three officers, have been in England for a few weeks at the invitation of the Imperial Government in pursuance of a plan of exchanges between the Colonial forces and their corresponding regiments in England. They are at Aldershot serving with the Gordon Highlanders, whose guests they are. The detachment, in which is included Lieut.-Col. D. Robertson (commanding the 48th regiment of Canadian Militia), was welcomed in London by the King.

Washington Herald.

Here is a stylish collar
One of our many new shapes—right in style
and perfect in fit—known as the
RIALTO
Height, 2 inches at back and 2½ inches in front.



Made in Quarter Sizes.
Ask your dealer to show you some of our new
shapes—there is sure to be one that will just fit
your idea of style. Castle Brand, 20c. each,
3 for 50c. Elk Brand, 2 for 25c.

Jaeger
DEPT. 85 KING WEST
WREYFORD & CO. PROP.

Harry Barker's Bread

Sweet, nutty and wholesome.
The New Bread from the New Bakery.
Phone College 2660

H. C. BARKER, Spadina & St. Patrick

Keeps Children Healthy

Many of the ailments of middle life are due to the slow accumulation of poisons in the system from Childhood up.

That is the one great reason why parents should teach their children to drink

"MAGI" WATER

Magi will keep their bowels right and not only prevent many of the ills of childhood but also many of the diseases that afflict age. Magi is very pleasant—and the purest water on earth.

Bottled at the springs in sterilized pints and splits (aerated), and half-gallon bottles (still).

The
Caledonia Springs Co., Ltd.,
Caledonia Springs, Ont.
Toronto Depot: 36 King St. E.,
Main 4399

C. J. Townsend & Co.

68 King St. East

Dealers in High-Class Mahogany Furniture.
Examples of Chippendale, Sheraton, Hippedwhite and Adams always on hand.

DEALERS IN WORKS OF ART

Old Paintings Cleaned and Restored by an Expert.

SATISFACTION GUARANTEED

JAS. J. O'HEARN & SON DECORATORS 249 Queen Street West

Let us give you an estimate on re-decorating your home. This is our specialty.

Office Phone Main 2677
Residence Phone College 435,
3 D'Arcy St.

An express train running 60 miles an hour without stopping for 25 hours would just travel the distance covered by the packets (placed end to end) sold in one year of "Salada" Tea. Annual sale exceeds eighteen million packets.

Benevolent Old Gentleman—I am sorry, Johnny, to see you have a black eye. Promising Youth—You go home and feel sorry for your own little boy—he's got two!—Philadelphia Inquirer.



Lady Gay's Column
AMONG the many visitors who have seen Toronto during Race Week there has been none who took my fancy like Pierre—and his people at the Princess. Years have passed since I've sat through a melodrama with the villain and the heroine and the faithful friend and their swift and strenuous doings, and I went largely to finish off a week of more or less gadding about, although the little girl who conducted me repeatedly said, with a decided nod of her wise yellow head: "You'll like Pierre. He's a dear!" I did like Pierre, for he was well worth it, and gave me a new actor-type, distinct, fascinating and clever. And I liked the poor road-house man with the toothache, and adored the lazy man of all work, who certainly had no picnic, and whose fretful wail, "I wish to God I'd stayed in the States," occurred at intervals in a wildly ludicrous and pathetic manner. Some one has already wisely pointed out that the Mounted Police of the Canadian West wouldn't know themselves as shown in Pierre of the Plains. It is a fine chance Mr. Selwyn has to get in a smart touch of disappearing local color. He should also learn how an Indian would build a fire to warm coffee, when he was in hiding from pursuers. The glorious bonfire he has would give any scout not walking in his sleep a perfect line on the fugitives. But Pierre is, as the little girl said, a dear, and a personality which stays in one's memory, especially if one has known someone of whom he seems almost a second self! It was good acting, and even a tired old lady at the end of a busy race-week woke up and enjoyed it, and went home and dreamed of long ago and a brown-faced, wild young man, whose name was not Pierre.

"What," writes a correspondent, "was the most interesting thing you saw while you were away this summer?" Now, isn't that a calm question to answer in the public prints? Of course, one needn't tell the truth, and I shall not, but among many interesting things was a small town in the back part of Holland, which used to be an artist's paradise, but which is being quickly built over with horrible staring brick and stucco, and demolishing itself with steam-trams and electricity. In this small townlet I learned a lesson I shall not easily forget—a sort of what ole Aunt Mamie used to call "comparative religious" lesson—and I fancy it might be passed along the line with good results. In that small town I met and made friends with a little lady whose time is filled with work, who paints fine pictures and gets rid of them duly, it is true, but whose greatest good work will never be put on canvas. For it is her courage, her keen discernment, her cheerfulness and sympathy with everyone, her abiding sense of humor and quaint way of looking at life that one loves and blesses her for. If you or I had to battle for many long years with a cruelty of nature that made locomotion almost impossible I don't believe we should meet it gallantly and with the firm patience and brave front of the little lady whom I met and loved in that far corner of Holland. As we jogged along in an indescribable small and rattling buggy, with a tiny and self-willed pony (which I had the bootless task of thrashing continuously to keep it awake), the little lady unfolded to me the life of the country as she had learned it in many years, the ways of the common people, who live and work in the old-fashioned style, their prejudices and beliefs, their likes and dislikes, and sometimes their beautiful traits, on which she dwelt with infinite kindness and appreciation. Now and then she hauled up the somnolent nag and had a chat with some humble friend or model, and I got histories of peasant life and mournful or jovious impressions as they were afterwards translated. And I learned to nod and smile and say "Moy Weer," (which is "Nice Weather") to the big vases or the sedate girls, who paced beside the little road, on one side of it the round swell of the dyke, green and soft (where sat the be-capped milkmaid looking at her cows on the vast green polder beyond the dyke wall, or the couple who were arranging for future partnership for life), on the other the homes, the cheese makers, the cottages smothered in tall oxblood in lush bloom, the various delights of the artist-eye beside me. "I must tell Miss — about the plover, and make her come and paint it right

away," cried the little lady; "just from here she'd get it beautifully." We drove beside the church of Blaricum to see the folk come trooping out, the quaint coifs, the healthy people and the wonderful little girls in their feathered hats. A little Blaricum girl of eight, or a little Hausen girl, wears a very rampant style of hat to church on a Sunday, and all the wee female creatures wear queer full-sleeved and gathered frocks of dark stuff, the very model of their grandmother's. They all smiled at the little lady, whose peregrinations in the rattling buggy with the fat obstinate pony are evidently a great amusement to them. Now and then, by the roadside at the entrance to a home, is a glass house, with a tea table and chairs, whence one can watch the road and travelers. Here the farmeress or house-mother takes coffee or tea and "kykes" at the world. The bower is called a "kyking-house," and it's a smart wayfarer who gets past it without surmise, comment or judgment from the lady therein. For Hollandish folk want to know about everything, and will find out your business in all its details if they get half a chance. Beside the little lady, upon whom fate had bestowed an alert brain, artist-eyes and an almost inert body, I found another, whose personality was quite as good a sermon against grumbling or repining. She also painted pictures that people bought, and when I saw her tramping down the quiet street, with her strong springy step and bright face, I said "Moy Weer" quite spontaneously. Light beamed from her dark eyes, smiles wreathed her lips, and she bowed graciously but spoke no word, so that I opined that here was a tenderfoot who had not yet even learned to comment on the weather. And remembering her joyous personality it struck me like a blow to hear later that she never could comment on the weather or anything else for she was dumb! Art and the beauty of life have made up to these women for lacks that would warp and sour almost any creature.

In my little town were dim dwellings with immense stretch of thatched roofs, and including lodging for man and beast, the kine occupying the lofty middle part, and the family packing into the chambers at either end. It would be idle to pretend that fresh air in winter, when the cows are in residence, would be the free gift one might desire, especially on cleaning out stable days, for even in midsummer there is a homely fragrance which is an acquired taste. With a good-natured artist-man I tramped in and out of many of these Dutch interiors, which artists delight in perpetuating, and saw the quiet slow mothers and their fat baby-kins, who paid very little attention to us, now and then trying to understand the old folks' tales, and finding always a good place to plant half a gulder or so. And outside the little town are the dunes, piled up in white hills, where one may so easily lose the way home, and trudge through the sand until weary; the wonderful dunes, whereon soft sunshine or silver moonlight wakes beautiful colors and opalescent shadows; the dunes that cannot be put on canvas, but are always tempting the artists; the dunes from which one returns an exhausted wreck.

Another interesting place I spent a happy few days in was a dairy farm in Guernsey, where chance led me, one bright morning, and a certain dark-eyed, sweet voiced young farmeress kept me in willing durance. It was not any fault of the cosy and luxurious hotel in St. Peter Port (head town of Guernsey) that I wandered into St. Martin's and found the dairy farm, but once found it was irresistible, and within a very few hours I had left old Government House hotel to the tourists who knew no better, and installed myself in the upper chambers of the dairy farm. There I luxuriated in the best butter, the richest milk, the biggest eggs, the freshest vegetables and fruit, the tenderest chicken and the daintiest cooking possible, for the huge sum of about a dollar a day. The farmeress alone was worth the money, and another quarter to hear her musical voice, and see her coming softly into my sitting room with fresh flowers or fruit, or Devonshire junket, or just to ask if I'd slept well.

"You must go down the water lane to Moulin Huet," she announced one fair afternoon. "Tis a place you'll like." And so I went down the water lane, which is a cleft, through which a brook flows gaily, and which cleft is for half an hour's walk lined with ferns, canopied with trees and paved with great flat stones, brook and water lane together being perhaps five feet wide or even less. It goes down to the loveliest bay and

bathing beach one can imagine, and is verily a place I or anyone else would be ill to please if we didn't like; and after the beach one may go "cliffing," skirting the sea at great altitude by narrow paths, to the "Wishing Well," where is a strong charm if one drinks and wishes in the manner any passing small girl or boy will set forth earnestly. It came very near that Lady Gay was good for the crows, just immediately after visiting the Wishing Well, for, on a very narrow path on the edge of a cliff, where there was no time to turn and flee, she was confronted by a fierce dog, who apparently purposed dining off her, but who was really bristling for a fight with another savage beast who was following her. So they fought over and around her miserable body, and she screamed and hung on to the weeds and grass and stones till help came, with the owners of the dogs! And those owners at once told her that this path was the most dangerous part of the cliffs, and that the owner of the mastiff, or of the bulldog, I forget which, had had a girl-friend slip over the edge only last Whitsuntide and receive life injuries in the adventure! For such is the cheerful procedure of the Islanders: they'd rather scare you to death than eat their dinner. I think the story restored me, however, for its utter want of sympathy made me so furious that I was a mile up the cliff before I knew it!

LADY GAY.



The above COLUMN must accompany every graphological study sent in. The Editor requests correspondents to observe the following Rules: 1. Graphological studies must consist of at least six lines of original matter, including several capital letters. 2. Letters will be answered in their order, unless under unusual circumstances. Correspondents need not take up their own and the Editor's time by writing reminders and requests for haste. 3. Quotations, scraps, or postal cards are not studied. 4. Please address Correspondence Column. Enclosures unless accompanied by Coupon are not studied.

Pam.—Yes, Pam, do envy me; not ability, that's very unprofitable, but capacity for enjoyment. It's the very most valuable thing I have. March 9 brings you under Pisces. It's a great sign, when properly developed.

An Odd Number.—I don't get wrathful letters from those I delineate. Why should I? If you want any information about your birth-sign you must give the exact day of the month. Your writing is freakish, but has much interest. An abounding desire to rise in life is the preponderant trait.

Sally Brass.—July 11, Cancer, water sign, apt to be erratic and uncertain. Your writing shows much force and conviction, love of power and ability to rule. The method is decided and the tone rather fine. It's a pity you haven't more refinement of expression with such a splendid mental endowment. You are ambitious, fond of position and family tradition, not generous but honest and just. A great deal of individuality and ability shows in your lines.

Didymus.—It is, indeed, a long wait you've had. Your writing is full of feeling and keenly sensitive. Yours would be the capacity for keen suffering or great joy. You are accessible and impulsive, but have learned self control. You think quickly and see a point at once. You are not a keen or sustained reasoner, are discreet, and reliable. Your birthdate brings you under Scorpio, a very strong sign, and you should be a good manager, nurse and helter to the world in general. Travel by water is beneficial to your people. You are generally neat and orderly, have good self-respect and do not lightly embrace or renounce an opinion.

January.—Your surmise is correct. Your birthdate comes under Aquarius, a double air sign (Jan. 20 to Feb. 18.), and your writing shows that you have not yet grasped the power you are entitled to. Aquarius is a very gifted sign of great possibilities: you should be thoroughly self-reliant, self-supporting and independent. If you are sometimes depressed it will be more your fault than that of circumstances. Doubt is the bane of Aquarius. It seems to turn away all the force that is ready to work for and with him! Read of successful people, think of great projects, never think of criticism nor fear it. Work quietly and never give your plans away. Saturn and Uranus are the governors of this sign.

Mother.—If Howard shares your birthmonth, the fish yards will come quite natural. None other breeds such grand story tellers, if the stories exalt their own prowess. Your writ-

NATURAL LAXATIVE
Hunyadi Janos
MINERAL WATER
Nature's own way of cleansing the body is most simple. She provides a pure and wholesome Mineral Water as a laxative and health tonic. Keep yourself in healthy condition by drinking half a glass on arising in the morning.

Established 1791. "The test of time."
Horrockses'
Longcloths, Sheetings and Flannelettes
ARE THE VERY BEST
the "Old Country" can produce.
See the Stamp
"HORROCKSES"
on the selvage
REFUSE SUBSTITUTES
OBTAINABLE
from the leading stores
in the Dominion

DIRECT FROM THE LOOM TO THE CONSUMER
Write for Samples and Price List (Sent Post Free), and Save 50 Per Cent.
ROBINSON & CLEAVER
BELFAST, IRELAND, LIMITED
REGENT STREET AND CHEAPSIDE, LONDON, ALSO LIVERPOOL.
Irish Linen and Damask Manufacturers
To HIS MOST GRACIOUS MAJESTY THE KING, H.R.H. THE PRINCESS OF WALES, MEMBERS OF THE ROYAL FAMILY AND THE COURTS OF EUROPE. Supply Palaces, Mansions, Villas, Cottages, Hotels, Railways, Steamships, Institutions, Regiments and the General Public direct with every description of
HOUSEHOLD LINENS From the Least Expensive to the Finest in the World
Which, being woven by Hand, wear longer and retain the Rich, Satin appearance to the last. By obtaining direct, all intermediate profits are saved, and the cost is no more than that usually charged for common-power loom goods.
IRISH LINEN Linen Sheetings, two yards wide, 45c. per yard; 2½ yards wide, 57c. per yard. Roller Towelling, 18 in. wide, 3c. per yard. Surplice Linen, 24c. per yard. Dusters, from 75c. per doz. Glass Cloths, \$1.15 per doz. Linen Diaper, 23c. yard. Our Special Soft Finish Longcloth, from 10c. per yard.
IRISH DAMASK TABLE LINEN Fish Napkins, 94c. per doz. Dinner Napkins, \$1.55 doz. Table Cloths, 2 yards square, 94c.; 2½ yards by 3 yards, \$1.80 each. Kitchen Table Cloths, 23c. each. Strong Huckabuck Towels, \$1.32 per doz. Monograms, Initials, etc., woven or embroidered. (Special attention to Club, Hotel or Mess Orders.)
MATCHLESS SHIRTS With 4-fold fronts and cuffs, and bodies of fine longcloth, \$8.52 per half-dozen. (To measure 48c. extra.) New designs in our special Indiana Gauze Oxford and Unshrinkable Flannels for the Season. Old Shirts made good as new, with good materials in Neckbands, Cuffs and Fronts, for \$3.36 the half-dozen.
IRISH CAMBRIC POCKET HANDKERCHIEFS "The Cambrics & Cleaver have a world-wide fame." The Queen, Children's, from 20c. per doz.; Ladies', from 60c. per doz.; Gentlemen's, from 84c. per doz. Hemstitched—Ladies', from 60c. to \$8.40 per doz.; Gentlemen's, from 94c. to \$6.00 per doz.
IRISH COLLARS AND CUFFS Collars—Gentlemen's, 4-fold, all new—best shapes from \$1.15 per doz. Cuffs—For Gentlemen, from \$1.66 doz. "Surplice Makers to Westminster Abbey" and the Cathedrals and Churches of the United Kingdom. "Their Irish Linen Collars, Cuffs, Shirts, etc., have the merits of excellence and cheapness."—Court Circular.
IRISH UNDERCLOTHING A luxury now within the reach of all ladies. Chemises, trimmed Embroidery, 55c.; Nightgowns, 64c.; Combinations, \$1.08; India or Colonial Outfits, \$52.68; Bridal Trousseaux, \$32.94; Infants' Layettes, \$15.00. (Send for list.)
N.B.—To prevent delay, all Letter Orders and Inquiries for Samples should be addressed
Robinson & Cleaver, Ltd., 40 Z, Donegall Place, Belfast, Ireland
Note—Beware of parties using our name: we employ neither agents nor travellers
DIRECT FROM THE LOOM TO THE CONSUMER

FOWNES GLOVES
The invariable choice of people who understand glove excellence

IT HAS NO EQUAL
For KEEPING THE SKIN Soft, Smooth, and White
At All Seasons
"The Queen of Toilet Preparations"
BEETHAM'S Parola
SOOTHING AND REFRESHING
Bottles, 1s. and 2s. 6d. (in England)
SOLE MAKERS:
M. BEETHAM & SON, Chisleham, England
IT ENTIRELY REMOVES AND PREVENTS ROUGHNESS, REDNESS, IRRITATION, ETC.
It is unequalled as a SKIN TONIC
as well as an EMOLLIENT

ing is imaginative, full of invention and dashing in tone. You are not reliable or constant in effort, and might easily tire of a steady grind. Both you and Howard will be the better and stronger for a steady check rein, though I am sure you are both famous company. Adaptability, affection, good temper, energy, quick perception and versatility are shown.

ON THE WAVE of POPULARITY.
THE COFFEE ANYBODY CAN MAKE.



SYMINGTON'S

THE STETSON SHOE

Quality Stetsons

Our fall Stetsons show the very best grades of the very best leathers. They stand, as they have stood for 22 years, for the highest possible results in fine shoe-making, but without excessive cost.

We are exclusive agents for Stetsons, because we believe them to be the best high-grade shoes in the world.

Prices, \$8.00 and up.

We have lower-priced lines if you prefer.

Sole Agents:
H. & C. BLACHFORD
114 YONGE STREET
"The Store That Fits the Feet"

ELECTRIC

portables of richest designs. The convenience and luxury of electricity as a lumina reaches its zenith in the home where well appointed electric portables are used. We have some of the most beautiful designs and patterns in the handsomest portables in cut glass and brass in the city. Come and see our showrooms, whether you wish to purchase or not.

TORONTO ELECTRIC LIGHT CO. LIMITED
12 ADELAIDE ST. E.

C. J. TOWNSEND & CO. Antique Persian Rugs

We will sell by Auction on Thursday, October 8, at 2.30 p.m. AT 68 KING STREET EAST

130 Antique Persian Rugs and Palace Strips

WE INTEND TO CLOSE OUT THE ENTIRE LOT
C. J. TOWNSEND Auctioneer

TO LET

A few of those choice Suites in the **BELL-BERT APARTMENTS** on George St. near the Allen Gardens, and fifteen minutes' walk from corner of King and Yonge Sts. Apply to the Janitor on the premises, or to Mr. H. Dorenwend, 105 Yonge St.

THE DRAMA

"The Belle of New York" will be the offering of the Imperial Opera Company for the coming week, commencing with to-day's matinee. The scenic and property staffs of the Royal Alexandra have been busily preparing for this production during the past week, and the settings and costumes promise to be quite gorgeous.

"The Belle of New York" is a bright, pleasing musical comedy in two acts. The words are by Hugh Morton, and the music by Gustave Kerker. The piece has gained a wide reputation among the lovers of musical comedy and possesses many of the elements of success characteristic of the other offerings of the company. The Imperials have taken great pains to make "The Belle of New York" the most perfect production of their season so far.

In the cast will be Miss Agnes Cain Brown, prima donna, as Violet

which they represent. The costuming permits much in the way of color effects. The company is one of the strongest that has ever yet surrounded the Brothers. There are seventy people in the company.

Max Rogers, of "The Rogers Brothers in Panama," the musical production which comes to the Princess on Monday, relates a very good yarn on the cornet player in an orchestra in a small town in Texas. The orchestra had been called to rehearse the music of the production, but the cornet player failed to put in an appearance, and after a long wait the company's musical director began to lose patience and demanded that he be sent for, as it was most important that he be on hand. At this juncture the clarionette artist spoke up and said: "Why, it's useless to send for him; he is busy and won't come because it is too fine a day, but if it had rained he would have been the first one here."

"In the name of all that's wonderful!" gasped the surprised director, "what do you mean by that?"

"Simplicity itself," replied the unabashed clarionette player. He drives the city sprinkling cart, and it's too dusty to-day."

Adelaide and her dainty dancers will be the headline at Shea's Theatre next week, presenting "The Bill-



GUS AND MAX ROGERS.



THE ROGERS BROTHERS.

As they appear as Admiral Day and Admiral Knight in "The Rogers Brothers in Panama," to be given at the Princess next week.

Gray; Miss Carrie Reynolds, as Fifi Fricot; Miss Elvia Crox, as Cora Angeli; Clarence Harvey, as Karl von Pumpernick; Hallen Mostyn, as Ichabod Bronson; Carl Haydn, as Harry Bronson; George LeSoir, as "Doc" Snifkins; W. H. Pringle, as "Blinkey Bill" McGuire; George M. Graham, as Mr. Twiddles, and others.

Miss Agnes Cain Brown will be seen in "The Belle of New York" for the first time since her well earned vacation, and the patrons of the Royal Alexandra will be pleased to learn that her fine soprano voice has been materially improved through her rest. The role of Violet Gray is specially adapted to Miss Brown's quite remarkable talent. The role of Karl von Pumpernick is one not only of considerable importance, but offers countless opportunities for the favorite comedian, Clarence Harvey.

During the past week the Imperials have scored a great success with "El Capitan," which has been thoroughly appreciated by the numerous patrons of the Alexandra.

The well-known Rogers Brothers are coming to Toronto for the first time on Monday, when they will begin an engagement of one week at the Princess Theatre, presenting their latest musical farce, "The Rogers Brothers in Panama." The Rogers Brothers will continue their broken English dialect, and the contrast between their style of expression and that of the types found in much-talked-of Panama are said to create considerable humor.

The play is in three acts, depicting life in Panama, and are elaborate and graphic stage pictures of localities

from the vulgar as he is never inclined that way. The atmosphere of the piece has nothing of the ordinary about it. The acting is smart, the songs are good, and so is the chorus. In comparison with the majority of other productions of this class, we have no praise too high for it. The composer has spent himself royally on it, and John P. Slocum has spent money royally on it, and altogether it is just the kind of comic opera that one would expect to find at a theatre like the Princess. It is first class in every way. Amelia Stone is supported by an excellent company, Templar Saxe as Eugene Dubois, the gay musician, and Lottie Kendall, his wife, being notably easy and effective in their work.

Marie Cahill, who is starring this season in "The Boys and Betty," a new musical play, will appear for a week at the Princess Theatre, Toronto, this month. The play is the work of George V. Hobart and Silvio Hein, and has been rehearsed and staged by George Marion. Miss Cahill had her premiere in Norwich, Conn., this week. Supporting her are: Eugene Cowles, John E. Kellard, Edgar Atchison Ely, Clara Palmer, James B. Carson, Edgar Norton, Eugene Redding, Anna Mooney, Annabelle Gordon, Mary Worthington, Jessie Elliott, Evelyn Radcliffe, and Claudia Rodgers.

Discriminating Canadian theatre-goers will be disappointed to hear that Richard Carle is still gamboling in "Mary's Lamb." Mr. Carle is a comedian of ability and is capable of rather delicate work. Perhaps he cannot get his managers to let him do comedy of the subtle sort, but we would like to see him make a hard try in that direction. Mr. Carle, in "Mary's Lamb," would be very entertaining if we had not heard him in some very much better productions.

That delightful actress and Toronto favorite, Eleanor Robson, will soon be seen in a new play by Richard Harding Davis, based on his novel, "Vera, the Medium."

Henry Miller is soon to produce another play by the author of "The Servant in the House." Its title is "The Winter Feast," and the scenes are laid in Iceland, at the time of the heroic age, when Druidism still lingered there. The principal role will be played by Tyrone Power.

Mr. Savage and Mr. Fiske go merrily on in New York with their war over "The Devil." Mr. Fiske, it appears, has the best and smartest Devil, but Mr. Savage has plenty of money, and he is going to multiply his by sending four companies on the road. One good thing this play with the sensational name has done. It has brought us some relief from Merry Widow and Salome paragraphs and attempted witticisms. Some of the funnigrams about "The Devil" are not bad. For example, this from the Houston Chronicle: They are playing "The Devil" at two New York theatres; the theatrical trust must be satirizing the metropolitan critics.

Trotter (who has been abroad)—So Maud and Charlie finally married? Miss Homer—Yes. Trotter—I suppose they are happy? Miss Homer—Undoubtedly; they each married some one else.—Chicago Daily News.

Gateman (at the musical comedy)—Don't you want to come back? Castleton—No. Gateman—Well, take this pass check, anyway. You can hand it to some chap on the outside. Castleton—My dear fellow, I haven't an enemy in the world.—Life.



MARION STANLEY

Prima Donna with "The Rogers Brothers in Panama," the musical comedy to be produced next week at the Princess Theatre.

"An Aristocrat Among Pianos." **"Peerless—Supreme—Unrivalled."**

The History of the Heintzman & Co. Piano

(Made by the oldest firm of HEINTZMAN & CO., Limited)

is one long series of musical and social triumphs. No other piano can show such a distinguished array of honors—honored by the Prince of Wales—Canada's most distinguished citizens—the world's greatest musical artists.

Piano Salon: 115-117 King St. W. TORONTO, CANADA

Artistic Wedding Gifts

Break away from the overdone practice of giving cut glass and silverware for wedding presents. At every wedding there is such a lot of this kind given that the bride usually does not know what to do with half of it. Give something unique—something that others are not likely to give, and which will reflect the good taste of the giver and be useful in the bride's home. Ideal presents of that kind are

ORIENTAL BRASSWARE ORIENTAL RUGS

We have the largest collection of brassware in Canada, and our rugs are known all over the country for rarity of design and color. Prices can not be equalled in any other store in America.

Courian, Babayan & Co.
40 KING ST. EAST, Opp. KING EDWARD HOTEL

ROYAL ALEXANDRA MATS. SAT. AND TUES. Phone Main 3000 and 3001.

Week Starting Oct. 3rd

THE IMPERIAL OPERA COMPANY

IN THE INTERNATIONAL MUSICAL COMEDY SUCCESS

— THE —

BELLE OF NEW YORK

PRICES: NIGHTS: \$1.00 to 25c. Box Seats, \$1.50. MATINEES: 50c. to 25c. Box Seats, \$1.00.

Starting Saturday Matinee October 10th, "The Wizard of the Nile."

GAYETY DAILY MATS. LADIES-10¢

BURLESQUE & VAUDEVILLE

CASINO GIRLS EXTRA VAUDEVILLE COMPANY

FRIDAY, AMATEUR NIGHT. PHONE MAIN 6595

PRINCESS ALL NEXT WEEK

Matinee Saturday Only. First time in this city of the most popular Stars in America. GUS AND MAX ROGERS present themselves in

THE "ROGERS BROTHERS IN PANAMA"

70—Fun Makers—70

Book by Sylvester Maguire and Aaron Hoffman.

Ensembles staged by Ned Wayburn.

Dialogue directed by Ben Teal.

New and catchy music—Twenty new song hits.

New and Novel Scenery.

Smartest Singing and Dancing Girls ever organized.

A ROYAL FLUSH OF LAUGHS.

SHEA'S THEATRE

Matinee Daily, 25	Week of Oct. 5	Evenings 25 and 50
-------------------	----------------	--------------------

America's Greatest Premier Dancer.

ADELAIDE
And Her Dainty Dancers.

ELEANOR FALKE, Dainty Singing Comedienne.

STUART BARNES, the Monologist.

MAJESTIC MUSICAL FOUR, Collins, Henry, Terrill and Simon.

BELLONG BROS., Renowned Acrobats.

W. E. WHITTLE, Ventriloquist.

THE KINETOGRAPH, New Pictures.

SPECIAL EXTRA ATTRACTION:
JEAN MARCEL'S BAS RELIEFS
Reproductions of Famous Statuary.

Dyer—I don't think I will take a vacation this year. Ryer—Why not? Dyer—I still owe the doctor for fixing me up after last year's.—Puck.

"Do you give your wife an allowance, or does she ask you for money when she wants it?" "Both."—Cleveland Leader.



12 and 14 Pembroke St.
F. H. TORRINGTON, Mus. Doc. (Tor.)
Musical Director.

SCHOLARSHIPS IN VOCAL MUSIC
Applications received until October 3.
Send for new Calendar and Syllabus.

MISS MARY HEWITT SMART
Voice Culture
Vocal Teacher, St. Margaret's College, Moulton College, Toronto.
Studio—Toronto Conservatory of Music.
Residence—23 "La Plaza," Charles Street.

MRS. J. W. BRADLEY
Voice Culture
Vocal Teacher of Moulton Ladies' College, Toronto, and Toronto Conservatory of Music, 329 St. George Street.

CARL H. HUNTER
Tenor
Pupils prepared for Concert and Opera.
Studio: Room 53, Nordheimer Bldg.

THE MODEL SCHOOL OF MUSIC
Limited
193 Beverley Street, Toronto.
FALL TERM.
Begins Sept. 1st., 1908.

Departments: Vocal, Violin, Piano, Theory, Literature and Expression, Physical Culture. Booklet on application.

FRANK E. BLACHFORD
Solo Violinist
will resume Classes for Violin instruction after September 3rd.
Address—Toronto Conservatory of Music, or 168 Carlton Street.

P. J. McAVAY
Teacher of Singing
Studio—1726 Queen Street West. Voices tested free.

FLETCHER MUSIC METHOD
For Teachers and Children
Mrs. C. Farmer, 750 Bathurst Street
Advanced Piano and Theory
E. J. Farmer, B.A., A.T.C.M.
Pupil of Schreck, Hofmann and Wendling, Leipzig. 100 Bathurst St. or Toronto Conservatory of Music.

J. W. F. HARRISON
Organist and Choirmaster, St. Simon's Church, Musical Director of the Ontario Ladies' College, Whitby.
Teacher of Piano and Organ of Toronto Conservatory of Music, Bishop Strachan School and Branksome Hall, 24 Dunbar Road, Rosedale.

MR. E. W. SCHUCH
will resume instructions in Voice Culture and Expression in Singing, Thursday, Sept. 3.
Studio—3 Carlton Street.

MENDELSSOHN CHOIR
of Toronto
A. S. VOGI, Conductor
For all information regarding concerts, membership in chorus, etc., address T. A. Reed, Secretary, 319 Markham Street, Toronto.

MISS HOPE MORGAN
of London, Eng.
Prima Donna Soprano, Oratorio, Concert, Singing Mistress.
Studio: 63 Lowther Ave.

G. D. ATKINSON
Teacher of Piano-Playing
Toronto Conservatory of Music.
Residence—129 Havelock Street.

MARLEY R. SHERRIS
Concert Baritone
Soloist Carlton St. Methodist Church
Residence—223 Cottingham St.

FRANCIS COOMBS
Teacher of Singing
Studio—Nordheimer's. Address 32 Radford Ave.

SHAKESPEARE
Voice Production
Address—31 North Street. Phone, N. 4767.

J. D. A. TRIPP
For Piano Instruction and Concerts, Apply Toronto Conservatory of Music.

Have you heard the New Song by
EMERSON JAMES.
Composer of
"When We're Together"

It is called
THE SONG THE ANGELS SING

May be had at all Canadian Music Stores.
London, Eng.:
The Frederick Harris Company



THE Toronto Symphony Orchestra is now an accomplished fact, due to the work of Mr. H. C. Cox, chairman of the executive committee, who has succeeded in placing the organization on a firm financial basis, and has interested a number of influential citizens in its welfare. When Dr. Fisher, of the Toronto Conservatory of Music, proposed forming a symphony orchestra, making use of the local players, those who knew something of the history of such efforts in other places, felt that he was attempting the impossible. There was no Higginson, as in Boston, to finance it; nor Theodore Thomas, as in Chicago, to organize and direct it, but generously supported by his board of directors, he began. Calling to his aid Mr. S. T. Church, whose knowledge of the situation was second to none, he began recruiting members. Mr. F. S. Welsman was offered the position of conductor, and rehearsals began. The first concert surprised even the most sanguine, and plans were made for two concerts the following season. At each of these Mr. Welsman showed remarkable improvement, achieving a wonderful success in accompanying De Pachmann at the second concert. Then came a demand for an orchestra independent of any other organization, and Dr. Fisher, in a most generous manner, offered to turn over his latest work to any committee that would assume the responsibility, and such a committee was convened, with Mr. Cox as chairman, and under the most substantial auspices the Toronto Symphony Orchestra begins its career in cooperation with the great Sheffield Choir, under Dr. Coward, Nov. 5, 6 and 7.

While everyone in touch with musical affairs knew Mr. Welsman's musicianship, few realized what a store of patient perseverance lay concealed under his very quiet exterior. Section by section, player by player, he strove for his ideal, and in two short seasons he has evolved a remarkable band. One feels in listening to it that each member has confidence in the conductor and that the conductor knows and holds his players. I do not know of another instance where conductor and players chosen from the local musicians, have accomplished results that can be compared to what Mr. Welsman and his players have done.

And to another man should praise be given, Mr. H. J. Bohme, the first secretary-treasurer. To his unwearied attention to details no small amount of the success was due, and when Dr. Fisher fell ill and had to leave the city, Mr. Bohme carried on the work of the second concert virtually single-handed. To the Conservatory and the gentlemen mentioned the city of Toronto owes much.

Last winter when the Theodore Thomas Orchestra came here for the Mendelssohn Choir concerts, a prominent member of the Chicago Apollo Club, accompanied them. He acknowledged that he had tried to acquire as much of Dr. Vogt's "methods" as possible. This much he has put in practice, as shown by the Chicago letter to a musical paper, which speaks of the adoption of an annual test of the voices of all members, both old and new. This year's test cut off fifty of the two hundred and five old members, and the sight-reading test for new members was especially severe. While in Chicago the past summer it made me very proud to give Toronto as my home address to the people I met at the Chicago and Northwestern Universities and at the various music schools, who all wanted to know if the "Mendelssohn Choir was really as good as the Orchestra men had said." Allen Spencer, one of the leading pianists, said: "Well, if they come here we'll give them a civic welcome. And they must come." I hope they do go.

Among the leading artist musical organizations of Toronto, the Toronto String Quartette holds a prominent place. They open their season to-day in Hamilton, with Mr. Hewlett, and will give their first concert here in November, playing quartettes by Mendelssohn, Beethoven, Suk. Dr. Nicolai, cellist, will be soloist. Last season their series of concerts was very successful, both artistically and financially, and their prospectus for this promises several novelties.

To anyone who enjoys a real "human document" I can cordially recommend Angelo Neumann's "Personal Recollections of Wagner"—whether he or she be musical or not.

If it were not for the facts and figures the author gives, one would think he was reading a romance of the wonder-world of Music and Drama, and to be brought in such close personal contact with such great ones as the "master," as he affectionately calls Wagner, Liszt, Cosima and Siegfried Wagner, Seidl, Nikisch, the Vogls, Reicher-Kindermann (whose son was here last summer with Sothen) and the Vogls. To anyone who wants to know how operas are put together (and that means almost everyone) the details of the rehearsals of the Ring, are fascinating. Here's a bit that shows how Wagner wanted the singer treated: "Gentlemen," he said, "I beg of you not to take my fortissimo too seriously. Where you see ff, make an ff of it, and for 'piano' play 'pianissimo.' Remember how many of you there are down there, against the one poor single human throat up here alone on the stage."

Throughout the book there is a charming frankness that saves what sometimes might be mistaken for egotism. The translator, Miss Edith Livermore, has admirably preserved the direct vital style of the original, and at no time is the reader conscious of the third party—he seems at all times in direct personal touch with the narrator. This book, the Wagner letters to Frau Wesendonck, and Houston Stewart Chamberlain's "Life of Wagner," afford a more intimate knowledge of the "master" than could be gained in any way save by personal acquaintance and association.

Another book that has appealed very strongly to me is Joseph Smith's "Voice and Song." I never heard of Joseph Smith until I read of W. J. Henderson's review. Then I sent for a copy of the book. It proved even better than Mr. Henderson's recommendation claimed it to be. It offers a simple, complete and fearless course of instruction in the noble art of song. Whoever Mr. Smith is he has read and observed widely and well. Some time ago I advocated the compilation of a book along similar lines, divided into four parts, to meet the requirements of teachers preparing pupils for examinations. Just at present there is considerable variance between standards at local centres and here in Toronto. There is no reason why something of this kind could not be published by the various examining institutions, so that pupils in remote districts might have an opportunity of learning whether they were working along accepted lines or not. For the vocal pupil it could be made broad enough to support most of the methods from the old Italian to vocal science, and for the piano pupil, whether he be for or from Leschetizky or Virgil. This, however, is a deviation. Smith had no thought of examinations, but merely wanted to help bewildered vocal students out of their dilemmas. I think he has succeeded admirably.

In the list of distinguished guests accompanying the Sheffield Choir, I am glad to see the name of W. H. Breare, Esq., editor of the Harrogate Herald, and author of "Vocalism," "Vocal Faults," and other helpful books for voice users. Mr. Breare's daughter is the leading soprano soloist with the Choir, and this will give us an opportunity to judge the soundness of his theories, as he has been her sole teacher. I would suggest to our singing masters to arrange for an address from Mr. Breare. Per-



Musician: Don't you think my last pathetic piece touched the audience?
Comedian: Well, old chap, I did notice that it moved them.—The Tatler.

haps an informal luncheon would afford the best opportunity for hearing him.

I firmly believe that there is no more important educational work being done in the Dominion than that of the Toronto People's Choral Union, under H. M. Fletcher. I was in touch with the work of the People's Palace in London, the People's Symphony concerts, under Franz X. Arns, in New York, and the Hull House Classes, under Eleanor Smith, in Chicago, and I feel that I can speak with some knowledge and authority. I want to make people realize what it means to give four hundred young men and women an opportunity to profitably and pleasantly spend some of their evenings. Think of it! Fully two-thirds of the large elementary class this season are young men, many of whom are strangers in the city, and this work of Mr. Fletcher is giving them healthful and helpful amusement and companionship. And they really learn something, as I can testify, for I have attended the practices and heard them. If the good work goes on we will soon have enough sight-readers to satisfy the most carping critic. Right here I'd like to suggest to those dissatisfied with the conditions as they have found them: Do something to improve them. Don't waste time finding fault.

Every time Julian Edwards offers the public a new work one can be assured that no matter what the subject he will have given it musically treatment. Mr. Edwards has gifts and aspirations above The Gay Musician, but even composing has a common sense commercial side, and the difference between a cantata with one consecutive performance, and an operetta with a three or four years' run, cannot be gainsaid. As a writer of lighter works, Mr. Edwards has never done anything of which Sir Arthur Sullivan could have been ashamed, and in his cantata of Lazarus he has done much that any composer might be proud to claim. He has always respected himself and his audiences, and he is entitled to esteem, gratitude and good royalties.

The Imperial Opera Company has fully justified its existence by the number of patrons it has sent home pleased, from its very good performances. The management have done everything possible to give Toronto good, well-balanced stock opera, and each week has shown great gains over its predecessor in smoothness and completeness of detail; and "El Capitán" is to be commended, if for nothing more than the opportunity it gives Hallen Mostyn. He is not De Wolf Hopper, but he is a better actor and a better singer, who can and does make his points legitimately and not by personal idiosyncrasies. Carl Haydn has proven a decided gain to the vocal strength of the company, and should be very valuable in more musical productions. Mr. Stammers is doing wonders with his people.

In a recent letter to a friend in Toronto Mr. Emil Paur says that he has completed his symphony, and that it is being rehearsed for an early performance. It will be one of the new works played by the Pittsburgh Orchestra when it is here with the Schubert Choir. As soon as possible an analysis of it will appear in these columns. Mr. Fletcher has arranged a most interesting programme for his singers, most of the compositions being new to Toronto.

Massey Hall season opens with a recital by the poet-pianist, Emil Sauer, who has not been here for several years. Then comes the Sheffield Choir, and later in the month, Mme. Calve. Lhevinn comes in January, and in March Mme. Eames and Gorgoza, followed by Marie Hall. We are also promised a concert by the Dresden Philharmonic Orchestra, under the baton of Willy Olsen.

Probably no work of Elgar's makes greater demands on a chorus than his "Caractacus." The solo parts are not so exacting as the "Dream of Gerontius," but nowhere has he scored more freely for the chorus, which he treats as though every singer had the sense of absolute pitch. It will try the mettle of the Mendelssohn Choir quite as thoroughly as the "Choral Symphony" and Brahms' "Requiem," which, by the way, is the master achievement of our great Choir so far. A new organ in Massey Hall, and Bach's B minor Mass, and then it will have scaled the heights of music.

Flattering reports come in from every city visited by "The Three Little Maids," in which are several singers well known here, and of which Mr. Douglas A. Paterson is the star. During the past week they have been at the Montreal Academy of Music,

TORONTO CONSERVATORY OF MUSIC

Edward Fisher, Mus. Doc.
Musical Director

ONE OF THE FEW LEADING MUSIC SCHOOLS IN AMERICA.
Faculty of 88 Specialists. Carefully graded and fairly conducted examinations. Local centres throughout Canada. Scholarships, Lectures, Recitals, Orchestral and Ensemble Practice and other free advantages. Pupils registered at any time.

NEW CALENDAR BY MAIL.

CONSERVATORY SCHOOL OF EXPRESSION

F. H. Kirkpatrick, Ph. D., Principal.
Public Reading, Oratory, Physical and Voice Culture, Dramatic Art and Literature. Special Calendar.

ARTHUR BLIGHT

Concert Baritone
Teacher of Singing, Vocal Director Ontario Ladies' College, Studio—Nordheimer's, 15 King Street East. Phone Main 4669.

ROBERT STUART PIGOTT

Choirmaster Church of St. Thomas, Huron St.
Vocal Culture. Studios: Parish House and 97 Yonge St. Residence: St. George Mansions.

MADAME A. BIVERT

Parisienne Diplôme
Professeur de Français, (Modern Methods.) Apply 55 Grenville Street, Toronto.

MRS. ALFRED JURY

of Buffalo
Vocal Studio—Bell Piano Ware-rooms, 146 Yonge Street, will resume its studio on Wednesday, 23rd Sept.

Harp, Guitar, Mandolin, Zither, Philiciele and Banjo Tuiton.

MISS MABEL F. DOWNING

Pupil of Leopoldo Francia, the late Madame Ratten and Curt Schulz; visits and receives pupils.
Late Conductress of the principal Ladies' Bands in the West of England
54 Major Street, Toronto.

MRS. JESSIE ALEXANDER ROBERTS

Instruction in the Art of Expression as applied to Public Speaking, Recitation and the Drama.
Residence, 108 Admiral Road.

ADA J. F. TWOHY

Mus. Bac.
Solo Pianist and Accompanist.
Member Piano Faculty, Toronto Conservatory of Music. Address, Toronto Conservatory of Music.

where the work of the star, the Misses Luttrell, Reynolds and Haines and Mr. Morgan Williams, has been very favorably received.

Miss Madeline Carter has returned from England, where she has been studying and singing. She already has a large circle of admirers who may expect to be more than ever pleased with her singing. She has resumed teaching at the Conservatory and St. Margaret's College.

Local singers, pianists and violinists seem to have prosperous seasons assured. Mr. G. A. Dixon is to go to Hamilton, Collingwood, Ripley, Ottawa, Guelph, Seagrave, Carleton Place, London, Listowel and Lakeville, and will also sing the tenor solos in Gounod's "Redemption" at Dunn avenue Methodist church. Messrs. Ruthven MacDonald, Donald MacGregor and George Fox have their time very well taken. Mr. Arthur Blight is as busy as usual. His class at Whitby is very large. Mr. W. Y. Archibald has Nordheimer's, and joined the uptown colony at Carleton Chambers, where Messrs. Schuch and MacGregor have studios.

The announcement of an early production of "The Mikado," under Mr. Gordon Muir's direction, will interest a great many lovers of Gilbert & Sullivan's masterpiece. Mr. Muir showed his ability in the difficult of Oliver, when the Press Club produced "Griegoire" a year ago.

The first rehearsal of the Toronto Oratorio Society was held on Tuesday, and Mr. Sherlock has every reason to be pleased with so favorable a beginning. He has Haydn's "Creation" in preparation.

Dr. Torrington again promises The Messiah, without which a musical season would not be complete. Later he will give Gounod's Redemption, in which Mr. David Ross scored such a pronounced success when Dr. Torrington last produced it.

Mr. Marley R. Sherris has been engaged as baritone soloist and choir director at Carlton street Methodist church. Mr. Sherris has reorganized the choir, and the following soloists have been engaged: Miss Carolyn Beacock, soprano; Miss Olive Scholze, contralto, and Mr. Arthur Baxter, tenor.

The first Saturday afternoon recital of the season will be given this afternoon at the Toronto College of Music, by pupils of Dr. F. H. Torrington.

THE MARGARET EATON SCHOOL OF LITERATURE and EXPRESSION

North Street, Toronto. Mrs. Scott Raff, Principal.

Offers a practical education in English Literature, French and German, Physical Culture, Voice Culture, Interpretation and Dramatic Art.

Reopens October First

Besides daily classes in above subjects, evening classes will be held every Tuesday, beginning October 6.

Write for Calendar.

ST. MARGARET'S COLLEGE

Toronto
A Residential and Day School for Girls.
George Dickson, M.A. (formerly Principal Upper Canada College, Toronto), Director; Mrs. George Dickson, Miss J. E. MacDonald, B.A., Principals.

Large Staff of Teachers.
Graduates of Canadian and English Universities.

Full Academic Course for University Matriculation with highest honors. Music, Art, Domestic Science and Physical Education.
Write for booklet to "The Secretary," St. Margaret's College, Toronto.

MISS MARIE C. STRONG

New Vocal Studio
Tone Production and Singing
Studio—Nordheimer's, 15 King St. E.

W. E. FAIRCLOUGH, F.R.C.O.

Piano, Organ, Theory
Studios at Nordheimer's and Toronto College of Music.
Residence—48 Hawthorne Avenue, Rosedale. Phone, North 2937.

THE MISSES STERNBERG

Dancing, Physical Culture, Fencing
Simpson's Hall, 104 Yonge St.
Re-Opens Oct. 6, 1908.
Office hours—2 to 6 p.m. Prospectus on application.

FRAULIN A. KITTELMANN

Teacher of German at Westminster College, gives private lessons at 31 St. Mary Street.

REV. SIGNOR MERLINO

Among others whom I have successfully coached are Mr. J. McClelland and the tenors, Messrs. F. Stoneberg and Lissant Beaudmore. Address 63 Elm St. Phone N. 2229 and 217.

FRANK C. SMITH

Violin...
Pupils. Concert Engagements.
Studio—R. S. Williams, 142 "Yonge Street.

ARTHUR E. SEMPLE

Flautist
Toronto Symphony Orchestra, Toronto Festival Chorus. Concert Engagements.
Studio—164 Grace St. Phone, Col lege 4636.

EDWARD BROOME

Teacher of Singing
Conservatory of Music.

DANCING

Ladies and Gentlemen
Mr. Sage's evening classes for beginners now forming at the Metropolitan, 215 College Street.

FRANK S. WELSMAN

Pianist
Studio for lessons at Toronto Conservatory of Music.
Residence—32 Madison Avenue.

E. GERTRUDE LOWRY

Contralto
Voice production and singing.
576 Jarvis St., or at Nordheimer's.

WILLIAM GILLESPIE

Baritone
Choirmaster Bond St. Cong. Church
JESSIE DUCKER-GILLESPIE
Violin and Piano
Studio—155 King Street East, Standard Bank Chambers.
Residence—10 Beaconsfield Ave. Phone—Main 2909, Park 1566.

DR. ALBERT HAM

Voice Production and Singing
Toronto Conservatory of Music, or 361 Jarvis Street.

DAVID ROSS

Solo Baritone
Studio for Lessons, Guild Hall, McGill Street, Toronto, Ont. Phone, M. 2097.

H. ETHEL SHEPHERD

Soprano, Concert and Oratorio. Pupil of Oscar Saenger, New York; Frank Sing Clarke, Paris; Jean de Reszke, Paris. Voice instruction. Studio Toronto Conservatory of Music.

W. A. SHERWOOD

Portrait Painter, 21-2 Queen St. E. Over Bank of Montreal.

J. W. L. FORSTER

Portrait Painter. Studio, 24 King St. West.

The Heart of a Piano is the Action.

Insist on

"OTTO HIGEL"

Piano Action.

CHAS. POTTER, 85 YONGE ST.
C. B. PETRY, PROPRIETOR.

WE TEST THE EYES, WE FURNISH THE GLASSES

In a word, the complete service of the Optician is yours.

The eye tests are made by those whose specific training and experience fit them for this work.

Opticians more capable are not at your service anywhere.

When it comes to a selection of glasses, correct technically, and in every way suited to face and form, perhaps no one can suit you just as completely as Potter.

POTTER—RELIABLE
OPTICIAN, TORONTO

NO BALL-ROOM

can beat Meyer's at Sunnyside. Telephone Park 905 to get open dates for your At-Homes, Receptions, Progressives, etc.

P. V. MEYER

Byrrh Wine

The best
summer
drink with
ice and
water.
Try it!



Bottled in France, by
VIOLET FRERES, Proprietors.

THE NAME

COSGRAVE

SIGNIFIES

SUPERB ALE
INVIGORATING PORTER
DELICIOUS
HALF-AND-HALF

Cosgrave Brewery Co.
NIAGARA ST. TORONTO
And of all License Holders.
Telephone—Park 140.

We Outfit Camping Parties

Provisions, Tents, Utensils, Blankets, Maps and Charts of Canoe Trips.

Michie & Co., Ltd.
7 King St. West, Toronto

HAY FEVER RELIEVED and Cured BY POLLANTIN

SOLD BY
J. S. HANSON, DRUGGIST
444 SPADINA AVE., TORONTO
Mail and telephone orders filled.
Telephone College 49

SATURDAY TO MONDAY TRIPS.

A few weeks yet remain in which to take advantage of reduced rates offered by the Grand Trunk Railway System. Until October 31, 1908, return tickets will be issued at single fare with ten cents added, to many points, good going Saturday or Sunday, valid returning Monday following date of issue. Secure tickets at City Office, northwest corner King and Yonge streets.

The vaudeville sketch in which the winner of the Marathon race is to appear should have a long run.—Cleveland Leader.



ANEC DOTAL

AN Oxford student was showing two fair cousins through Christchurch College.

"That," he explained, "is the picture gallery; that, the library; and that tower contains the famous bell, 'Great Tom of Oxford.'"

Stooping quickly he picked up a stone and sent it crashing through a second-storey, ivy-framed window, where there immediately appeared a face, purple with rage.

"And that," added the young man, helpfully, "is the dean."

Thus it was that he came to leave one seat of learning for another.

THE demand that the Sultan of Turkey dispense with his harem recalls the story of the cannibal chief who became converted and asked the missionary to admit him to the church.

"But you have more than one wife," objected the missionary. "My church does not allow that."

The chief departed in dejection, but returned again in a few days and announced, with evident satisfaction, that he now had only one wife and was ready for baptism.

"But," objected the clergyman, doubtfully, "where are your other wives?"

"Oh," replied the convert, "I have eaten them!"

ONE of the lectures in which the late Bishop Potter was most entertaining illustrated the eccentricities of the artistic temperament and contained this anecdote of Landor, the poet.

Landor, he said, was at the same time the most violent and brutal and most delicate and sensitive of men. He adored flowers. The gardens of his beautiful villa at Florence were full of flowers, and the poet walked among them daily, never plucking them, only bending over them reverently to admire their loveliness and their perfume.

His cook one day served him a wretched dinner, and in his rage the poet threw the man out of the window into a bed of splendid roses. As the cook writhed with a broken leg below, Landor from his window exclaimed in a horror-stricken voice:

"Good gracious, I forgot the roses!"

A LITTLE girl was sent by her mother to the grocery store with a jug for a quart of vinegar.

"But, mamma," said the little one, "I can't say that word!"

"But you must try," said the mother, "for I must have vinegar, and there's no one else to send."

So the little girl went with the jug, and, as she reached the counter of the store, she pulled the cork out of the jug with a pop, swung the jug on the counter with a thud, and said to the astonished clerk:

"There! Smell of that and give me a quart!"

IN a certain small English village there were two butchers who were sausage dealers living in the same street. One placarded his sausages at one shilling per pound, and the rival promptly placed eightpence on his card.

No. 1 then placed a notice in his window, saying that sausages under one shilling per pound could not be guaranteed.

No. 2's response to this was the announcement: I have supplied sausages to the King.

This might have been regarded as the last word; but it wasn't. In the opposite window the following morning appeared an extra large card bearing the words, "God Save the King!"

A LADY who kept a little curly poodle lost her pet, and called on the police to find it. The next day one of the force came with the dog, very wet and dirty.

The lady was overjoyed, and asked a number of silly questions—among others:

"Where did you find my dear darling?"

"Why, ma'am," said the officer, "a fellow had him on a pole and was washing windows with him."

THE janitor of a fashionable flat (not a Toronto flat, of course) opened his basement door in answer to a ring, and found there a tidy-looking young man who inquired if Mrs. Cleverington lived in the flat.

The janitor answering in the affirmative, the visitor slipped him a welcome coin, and requested to be shown to that lady's apartments. Stimulated by the money, the menial readily led the way upstairs. At Mrs. Cleverington's door that lady, on beholding her long-absent college brother, flung her arms about his neck, and kissed him before the eyes of the astonished janitor.

A half-hour later the flat's handy man again hurried up the stairs and knocked at Mrs. Cleverington's door. When it was opened by a maid he stuck his head inside until his eyes came upon the loving couple chatting together on the sofa.

"Say, young fellow," was his advice to the college brother; "you'd better get out of this. Here comes Mr. Cleverington!"

AN Englishman was recently invited by a New Yorker to accompany him on a hunting trip on Long Island.

"Large or small game?" jealously asked the Briton, who has hunted in every quarter of the globe.

"You don't expect to find lions and tigers on Long Island, do you?" queried the New Yorker.

"Hardly," responded the Briton with a laugh, "but I like a spice of danger in my hunting."

"If that's the case," answered the other, with a grin, "I'm your man, all right. The last time I went out I shot my brother-in-law in the leg!"

ONE day after a train down south had made several sudden jerks and abrupt stops, the traveler became apprehensive, says a writer in the Chicago News. There had been numerous accidents on the line of late, and there was cause for fear. Calling the porter aside, he said:

"Sam, is this train safe?"

"Safe as any, sir," assured the porter.

"Well, is there a block system on this road?"

Sam's grin extended from ear to ear.

"Block system, boss? Why, we have the greatest block system in the world. Ten miles back we were blocked by a load of hay, six miles back we were blocked by a mule, just now we were blocked by a cow, and I reckon when we get further south we'll be blocked by an alligator. Block system, boss? Well, Ah guess!"

A CERTAIN college president was entertaining a freshman at dinner, when the conversation turned upon football. To the student's surprise, the president displayed a thorough familiarity with the game, and proceeded to discuss it as earnestly as though it had been Greek or mathematics. Indeed, his treatment of the topic brought out so many points that the freshman had overlooked, that the youth was moved to remark to his hostess:

"Well, this talk with President Blank has showed me how true it is we never meet anyone from whom we can't learn something!"

A CHINAMAN of noble birth had been invited to dine at William's home. His mother was very anxious that the guest should not be made uncomfortable by the little chap's curiosity, so she took him aside and explained all about his father's friend who was coming. She told him about his yellow skin, long braid of hair, almond eyes, and even showed him pictures of Chinamen. She impressed upon him more than anything else the fact that the visitor was his father's friend and was to be treated as their guest.

Upon the Celestial's arrival, William tried hard not to stare or look too curious, and succeeded in being very quiet for some time, when, much to the surprise of his mother and the amusement of the Chinaman, he called out:

"Mama, if he wasn't our friend, wouldn't he be funny?"

A STORY is told of a well known amateur yachtsman, who was one night anchored near a rocky and dangerous shore. Suddenly, just before dinner, a stiff inshore wind started up. The anchor began to drag. Another was rapidly thrown overboard, but in the increasing squall that, too, failed to hold. The schooner seemed in imminent danger of drifting on the rocks, but at last another anchor gripped, and the danger was past.

The yachtsman, nearly exhausted from his efforts, dropped on the deck to recover his breath and rest. In the quiet that followed there came to his ears the click-click-clack-clack of a busily manipulated spoon against a bowl.

He listened for a moment and then went below. The cook was preparing salad dressing.

"Why, Sam!" he exclaimed, in astonishment, "didn't you know that we nearly went ashore?"

"Oh, yassir, yassir," came the undisturbed reply. "I thought she was goin' on de rocks, suah."

"Well, in a case like that, don't you ever go up on deck? We had a mighty close call."

"Well, you see, it's like this. You can't leave mayonnaise a minute, 'cause it'll turn right back."

THACKERAY'S crossing sweeper who kept his carriage was not entirely a creation of his imagination. I know a man who took his stand daily outside a public house, fetched cabs and did odd jobs. His relatives were very well off, indeed, and they persuaded him to go and live with them.

After leading a life of luxury for a couple of months he reappeared one day outside the public house. I, knowing his circumstances, asked him why he had left comfort for the cold pavement. "I had to," he said. "I stood it as long as I could, but when they wanted me to dress for dinner every time they had company I chucked it."

A MOTORIST was stopped by a policeman, the light on the car being insufficient. He gave his car to the constable: "John Smith," read the man in blue. "Go on with you I want your proper name and address. We've too many Smiths about here. Now look sharp!"

"Then," said the motorist, "if you must have it, it's William Shakespeare, Stratford-on-Avon!"

"Thank you, sir!" replied the policeman. "Sorry to have troubled you." And he carefully entered the particulars in his book.

A GOOD natured citizen, while waiting on a corner for his street car recently, was attracted by the bright face of a young Italian who was grinding his piano near by.

"It must be rather difficult to turn that crank as steadily as you do and keep such good time," observed the citizen as he dropped a nickel in the hat.

"Not so difficult," said the Italian, showing his white teeth in a smile. "You see, I no gotta da monk. To turn da crank dees way stead' keepa da tim'. But turna da cranka an' watcha da monk sam' tim', ah! that taka da arteest, da true arteest. Eet ees da monk, signor, that demanda da genius!"

A GENTLEMAN who has just returned from a trip to Europe relates this travel incident:

In Nuremberg, having occasion to ask my way, I said, in my best Meisterschaft to a gentleman passing:

"Können Sie mir vielleicht sagen, wie man nach das deutschen Museum geht?"

Imagine my mortification when he replied: "I am going that way: I will show you."

We walked on, and, learning that I was an American and had travelled in England, he said:

"I am professor of English here. That is why I speak English so well; but I didn't been in England already once yet."

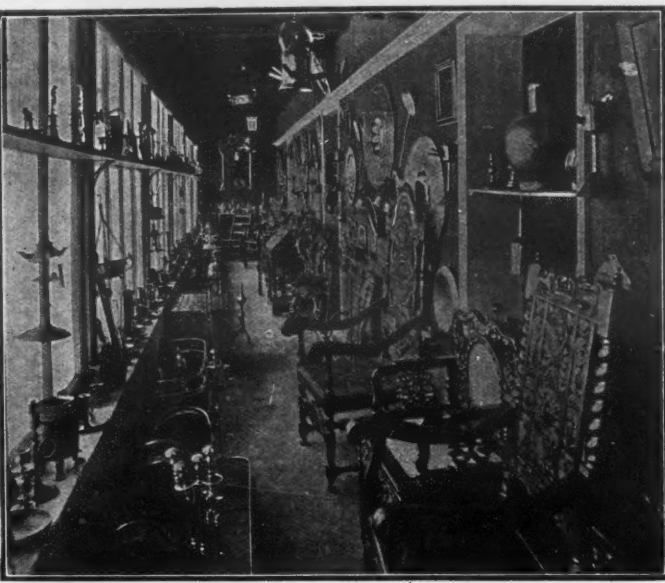
Hiram Greene—What did your sister say when you told her I was going to make a speech in the town hall to-night? Willie—She didn't say nuthin'; she just laughed till she had hysterics!—Stray Stories.

Sure as the Sun

The ELGIN WATCH

Keeps Time to the Second

Every Elgin Watch is fully guaranteed. All jewelers have Elgin Watches. An interesting, illustrated booklet about watches, sent free on request to ELGIN NATIONAL WATCH CO., Elgin, Ill.



AFTER ALL

Nothing can quite take the place of genuine Antiques for the furnishing of a home. You can spend a pleasant hour looking through our display of Antique Furniture, Rare old Silver and China.

B. M. & T. JENKINS, 422-424 Yonge St.
ANTIQUE GALLERIES

SHREDDED

"The Top of the Morning"

is reached on a breakfast of Shredded Wheat with hot milk or cream, a little fruit and a cup of coffee. Contains more nourishment than meat—is cheaper—cleaner—and more easily digested.

AT ALL GROCERS
13c. a Carton—2 for 25c.

1171

WHEAT

THE HOME BANK OF CANADA

Original
Charter

1854

A BANK FOR GENERAL PURPOSES

Notes discounted.
Exchange bought and sold.
Money orders, drafts and letters of credit issued.
Collections made anywhere in Canada or the United States.
Full compound interest paid on savings accounts of one dollar or more.

Head Office—8 King Street West.
Branch Offices, open every Saturday night, 7 to 9 o'clock:
78 Church Street,
Cor. Queen West and Bathurst Streets,
Cor. Bloor West and Bathurst Streets,
Cor. Queen East and Ontario Streets,
20 Dundas Street West, West Toronto.

Six
Branches
in
Toronto

TOMLIN'S TEA LOAF AND GENUINE VIENNA ROLLS

Just as good as that produced in the home kitchen.
Much better and more economical.

GOOD BREAD

PHONE - COLLEGE - 3561

GLASSES THAT FIT

Consultation Without Charge

If you are wise you will not go hunting for bargain glasses but find glasses that fit and it soon will occur to you that you have found a bargain.

We insist on making glasses that fit, or money refunded. Return our glasses if satisfactory, return them if not. This rule is invariable in our store.

J. Williams

OPTICIAN
131 YONGE ST., TORONTO

Alma Ladies College

Has superior advantages in Music, Fine Art, Elocution and Physical Culture, Domestic Science, Business College Courses, Literary and Scientific Courses, also Public School Classes for young girls. Cheerful, wholesome, home-like. For Catalogue, address:

"The Registrar," ALMA COLLEGE, St. Thomas, Ont.



Wedding Cakes

from WEBB'S are unequalled for fine quality and artistic decoration.

They are shipped by express to all parts of Canada; safe arrival guaranteed.

Illustrated Catalogue Free

The Harry Webb Co.
Limited

447 Yonge St., Toronto

Shur-On Eye-glasses

Do Not Delay

the use of glasses when you really feel and know you should use them. Delay does not help the difficulty. Consult with us.

The Culverhouse Optical Co.
6 Richmond Street, East.

Shur-On Eye-glasses

Secret of ENGLISH BEAUTY

England's premier toilet requisite, ICILMA FLUOR CREAM, is the greatest discovery ever made for the skin. It restores and preserves natural beauty and lends a charm to even the plainest face. It is quite free from grease and the icilma Natural Water it contains does away with the use of oily or starch skin foods. For preventing and curing sunburn, peeling, roughness, redness or insect bites, and for giving lasting, cool, clean comfort, it is supreme.

Icilma Fluor Cream

Leading Chemists or direct, 40c. per pot. Send 5c. for dainty sample of Cream and Soap.
ICILMA CO., London, Eng. Mrs. Canadian Address: 594 Spadina Avenue, Toronto, Ont.

GRAND TRUNK FALL SERVICE TO BUFFALO VIA NIAGARA FALLS.

Trains will leave Toronto 9 a.m., 4.05 p.m., and 6.10 p.m., running solid without change. Now that Muskoka service is discontinued the 4.05 p.m. train will not have to wait connection, and should be the popular train, reaching Niagara Falls at 6 p.m., and Buffalo at 7.25 p.m., in time for evening entertainments, and making sure connections with evening trains and steamers. Buffet and parlor cafe cars serving meals (a la carte). Other trains leave Toronto 8 a.m., 12.15 noon and 11.20 p.m. For tickets and full information call at City Office, northwest corner King and Yonge streets.

AMONG the contributors to a minister's donation party was a small but very bright boy belonging to one of the families of the congregation. After obtaining his mother's permission to spend his money for anything he pleased he went to the village store and returned home with a neat package. In it was a pair of suspenders, and attached to them was a card, upon which was written, in a scrawling hand: "For the Support of our Pastor."

SOCIAL AND PERSONAL

THE phenomenally fine weather which made every day of the fall meeting at the Woodbine a holiday outing, had its climax on Saturday, in a bright, warm and very successful afternoon, when there was a big turnout and many dinners to follow, both in town and at the Country Club, where many gay parties have met after the races during the autumn meeting. Mr. Clarence Bogart gave a very smart dinner on one evening last week, at which Mr. and Mrs. Carmen, of New York, and several other out-of-town guests were present. Mrs. D. D. Mann had her guest, Mrs. George Galt, of Winnipeg, in her box at the meet, and gave a luncheon in her fine house at Scarborough in her honor. Mr. Gibbons, of London, and his second daughter, Miss Helen, were at the races the latter part of the week. Judge Finble, of Woodstock, was also at the Woodbine last week, looking better than I have seen him for years. Lady Tykes, of England, who happened into town on a tour round the world, was a much interested guest on Friday afternoon. Those who had the pleasure of meeting her found her a most interesting conversationalist, and a woman of much strength of conviction. Lady Dorothy Smyly was again a bright and piquant guest, whose debonair and merry manner won her many smiles and greetings. Sir Mortimer and Lady Clark, and Miss Mortimer Clark, with Captain Young in attendance, were again at the meeting, and were on Saturday welcomed by the President and directors, and their ladies fair, a new and prominent member of the welcoming party being Mrs. Melvin Jones in a beautiful peacock-blue gown and becoming hat, and looking very much better for her summer abroad. Mrs. Eddie Seagram, in a light striped silk and big hat was a cordial hostess in the pretty tea-room where invited guests love to congregate. His Honor Judge Riddell brought Mrs. Riddell, who wore a very handsome pale grey gown and large hat to match. Mr. Osler, of Craigleigh, and his son, Mr. E. F. Osler, of Bronte, Mr. Justice Teetzel, Mr. Cecil Leigh, Mr. and Mrs. George Higginbotham, the lady in a very small blue gown and hat, even more becoming than the handsome brown one of the previous day; Mrs. Garratt, of Detroit; Miss Baxter, Miss McKeand, of Hamilton; Mr. and Mrs. Albert Webb, Mr. and Mrs. Jack Cruso, the lady beautifully gowned; Colonel and Mrs. Williams, the latter in a lovely white kimono cloak heavily embroidered over a dainty gown; Mrs. Wallace Nesbitt in a stunning big hat and handsome costume; Mrs. Stephen Haas also wore a very smart gown and chapeau; Mrs. G. P. McGann was a picture of beauty in a huge black hat, wreathed with blue ostrich plumes, and a long black satin coat over her pretty gown; Mr. and Mrs. Harry Paterson; Miss Hogaboom in a navy and white voile frock, a change from her particularly dainty pink organdie in which she was looking so fresh and young; Mrs. McGregor Young in vieux rose embroidered cloth with knotted fringes; Mrs. Fraser Macdonald in a mole grey corselet gown with white, were a few of those on the Members' lawn on the last days of the meeting. The different military bands vied with one another to provide good music on their several days, the Highlanders finishing up with a rattling program on Saturday. On the whole, the fall meeting of 1908 was a pleasing success. Mr. Douglas Sladen came up from Ottawa last week for a few days in Toronto, and was greeted by many friends at the course. He brought the news of Lady Violet Elliot's engagement to a son of Lord Lansdowne, which had been cabled to Ottawa, and which caused Toronto friends of that sweet young lady to wish her every happiness. Lady Eileen Elliot and Lady Violet Elliot sailed this week for India to rejoin their parents the Earl and Countess of Minto, and Mr. Arthur Guise has also gone to spend the winter with the Viceroy and his family in India.

The Lambton Golf Club is this week *en fete* for the visit of the crack lady players from all over the Dominion. On each afternoon hospitalities have been extended by various Toronto lady members to the visitors and invited guests, Mrs. Austin being hostess for tea on opening day when torrents of rain kept many from putting in an appearance, but no weather has power to dampen the ardor of the golf fiend, so the tea took place after all. On Tuesday, a cool sunny day was ideal for the game, and people came in ravenous for tea, being welcomed by Mrs. Van der Linde, and one or two other members.

Mrs. Proctor, formerly Miss Kemp, of Castle Frank, will hold her postnuptial receptions next Monday and Tuesday, at 111 Glen road.

Professor Lang returned by the Tunisian from England.

Mrs. Michie is enjoying a visit from Mr. and Mrs. Cantlie, of Winnipeg, who have brought their small son to see his grandmama.

Miss Edith Macpherson is visiting relatives in town. She spent a week with Mrs. A. S. Irving in St. George street.

Miss Florence Bell, the bride of to-day, has been much entertained during the past fortnight, "showers," teas, luncheons, dinners, and so forth, having been given for her. Mr. Clover arrived out from England recently, and has been made fully aware of how much his bride's removal from her girlhood home will be regretted by her friends.

Mr. and Mrs. Willie George have taken Mr. Plumb's flat in the St. George, having sold their house in Glen road. Mrs. George receives on Tuesdays in November. Mr. and Mrs. Plumb are also in the St. George, having taken another apartment there.

Commander and Mrs. Law and Miss Law have returned from England, where they spent the summer.

Sir James Whitney returned from England on Monday.

Dr. Cotton, who went down with Dr. Bruce Riordan to New York, returned home a few days since. Dr. Riordan is doing very well indeed, and any apprehension felt on his account has been quite allayed.

The fresh and pretty light opera at the Princess has delighted large audiences this week. It is well done, very amusing, without descending to buffoonery, and sufficiently coherent to satisfy lovers of that quality. The gowns are stunning, and one of Amelia Stone's is fit for a leader of *Tom*. Miron, as a sort of Captain Kettle, is

a treat in laughter, and his German sweetheart is a very natural and jolly old girl. Added to this, agile men, and graceful girl dancers, one of whom strikingly resembles a popular Toronto society girl, and you will allow that "The Gay Musician" has a claim on your consideration.

On Tuesday evening, Mrs. Reynolds gave a dinner of eight covers for her daughter, Mrs. Elwood Moore at the Alexandra. On Wednesday, a number of friends called for a chat and cup of tea with the pretty little matron, who as Ruby Reynolds was a great pet with her Toronto friends.

Mrs. Walter S. Lee is settled in an apartment at the Alexandra. Mr. and Mrs. Cecil Lee are in her house, 64 Madison avenue, for the winter.

Miss Violet Roberts and Miss Naomi Harris, who have been the guests of Mrs. Harry McVity, (nee Roberts), in Banff for several weeks, have returned from their trip to the Coast.

A very quiet wedding took place on the morning of Sept. 21st, at nine o'clock in St. James' Episcopal Church. London, Miss Eugenie J. Reynolds, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. R. J. Reynolds, of South London, being united in marriage to Mr. Arthur W. Reynolds, of Guelph, the Very Rev. Dean Davis officiating. Only the immediate relatives of the two families were present. Mr. and Mrs. Reynolds will take up their residence in Guelph, and will be "at home" after Nov. 1st.

On Sept. 15, Miss Edna May Simpson, daughter of Mr. Charles Wemyss Simpson, was married in Philadelphia to Mr. Edward Ernest Giffin, of Toronto. The ceremony took place in the Church of the Trinity, Rev. Ernest Wetherill Wood officiating.

The engagement of Miss Lucy Janet Brewer, only daughter of Mr. Henry Chapple Brewer, of Woodlawn avenue, and Mr. Lionel Morgan Waugh, of Hollywood, California, is announced. Their marriage will be celebrated in St. Paul's Church on October 14.

Mrs. Agar Adamson and her two children arrived out by the Empress of Britain last week, after four months' visit in England. Mr. and Mrs. Agar Adamson will reside for the winter at 21 Elgin avenue.

Mr. and Mrs. Edmund Cowdry announce the engagement of their second daughter, Miss Marjorie Graham Cowdry and Mr. Claude Harrington Osborne, of Vancouver, eldest son of Rev. Canon Osborne, of Honolulu, Hawaii. Their marriage will take place early in November.

Mr. and Mrs. C. J. H. Winstanley have removed from 239 College street to 397 Huron street.

Lady Dorothy Smyly has remained for the convention of prominent hospital officials from all over the world which has been held in the banquet room of the King Edward this week. She is entitled to consideration from all those interested in hospital work, as she was one of the devoted nurses who worked so well in South Africa during the last Boer war. Some one told me that Captain McMillan, recently of Stanley Barracks, had the good fortune to be under her care in South Africa.

A pretty little lady at the races, whom all were glad to welcome back to gay coteries where she is very popular, was Miss Lillian Lee, who wore some very smart and dainty gowns and hats at the meeting. Mrs. Elwood Moore came with her mother, Mrs. Reynolds, and wore a handsome gown of art blue velvet. Mrs. Vaughan Owen was down for a few days. Mrs. R. J. Christie wore some charming gowns and hats. Mrs. Wallace Nesbitt wore, on one afternoon, a lovely semi-transparent deep blue wrap with vivid bands of embroidery, one of the many pretty things she brought from China, and over which she carried a fascinating Jap sunshade.

Mrs. Reginald Brock is visiting her father, Judge Britton.

Mrs. and the Misses Hoskin, of Deer Park, are home from Winnipeg, and have resumed residence in the house in Heath street, which Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Holland occupied this year.

Mrs. Morgan, formerly Eleanor Smallman is visiting her parents in London, Ontario. Her home is now in Cairo, Egypt.

Professor and Mrs. Mackenzie have returned from England.

Mrs. Hillyard Cameron is home from England, where she went last June. Mr. Wynder Strathly left for England by the Virginian.

Prize distribution day at St. Andrew's College on Thursday, interested a great many of our leading people.

Miss Maud Weir, grand-daughter of Mrs. William Arthurs, and who has grown up very gracefully, will be a debutante of this season. Miss Irene Doolittle will also make her debut this fall.

Everyone was admiring the regular thicket of Salvias in full flower, which filled the space between the two fences between the Members' lawn and the track at the Woodbine last week. The vivid scarlet and green showed well against the clear white of the painted picket fences.

Mr. Albert Nordheimer returned last week from England. Mr. and Mrs. Bertram Denison are settled in quarters at Aldershot.

Mr. and Mrs. Cawthra Mulock will be home very shortly. Mrs. Vincent Hughes is up from Montreal on a visit to her mother, Lady Falconbridge.

Several Torontonians are going to London to-day for the wedding of Miss Lorna Gibbons and Mr. George Harris.

General Otter was in town for a brief visit. Mrs. Otter has an apartment at the Alexandra for the present.

Mrs. Osler, of Craigleigh, has entertained Miss Hanbury Williams during the golf tournament at Lambton.

M. A. Murray & Co. Limited

MURRAY'S FASCINATING MILLINERY



Each year we import exquisite models designed by the foremost modistes of Paris, London and New York, and our display of them certainly merits the attention of every woman. Our trimmers with that of the demands of the women of Toronto have improved, elaborated, or simplified evolving creations which could not but enhance the beauty, or add to the attractiveness of the wearer. We suggest an inspection of our large display, as we know we have many models that will suit you.

M. A. Murray & Co. Limited
17 to 21 King St. East
10 to 20 Colborne St.
Victoria - 20 King to Queen's

COOK'S TURKISH BATHS

A Turkish Bath is not merely a luxury. To the business or professional man of sedentary habits they are almost an absolute necessity to health. Turkish Baths taken regularly remove through the pores of the skin many poisonous secretions which cause rheumatism, gout and other troubles. Then, Cook's is such a cosy, home-like place, it really is the most comfortable and up-to-date bath on the continent.

Open day and night, except Sunday.
Night Bath, including sleeping accommodation, \$1.00.
A dainty bill of fare served at any hour.

202-204 KING STREET WEST, TORONTO



OUR CANADIAN CLIMATE

is hard on the skin. Guard against the effects of sudden changes, raw winds, dry cold, smoke and dust, by using

CAMPANA'S ITALIAN BALM

freely on face, neck and hands. It soothes irritation and keeps the skin soft, healthy and beautiful.
25 cents at your druggist's—35 cents by mail.

E. G. WEST & CO., TORONTO



LET US DEVELOP . . . YOUR PHOTOGRAPHY

The "snap-shots" you have brought back from your vacation should be placed in the hands of experienced people for developing, in order to obtain the best possible results. We employ none but experts on this class of work.

Remember, too, that we carry all the latest styles of "mounts" for eye-glasses. Be up-to-date, and have the newest there is. Let us show you a few of the latest improvements.

A. E. RYDE

OPTICIAN

PHONE MAIN 2610.

KING EDWARD HOTEL

49 KING STREET EAST, TORONTO

Saturday Night Press

Executes High-Class PRINTING

Commercial Printing of all kinds

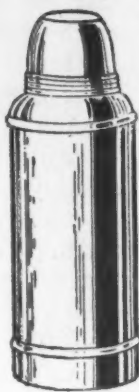
Phones: Main
6640 - 6641

A Representative will call for your Orders and Instructions.

Bottles Up Temperature

When you put a boiling hot drink into a Thermos Bottle it stays hot for 24 hours. When you put an ice cold drink into a Thermos Bottle it stays ice cold for 72 hours.

The Thermos Bottle



is a scientific wonder and the most useful invention of the age. It is really two bottles — one inside the other with a vacuum between. That vacuum keeps heat or cold from escaping. Anything, hot or cold, put into a Thermos Bottle must remain hot or cold. Always ready — never any preparation required.

Men Business men, clerks, workmen — men in every walk of life — find the Thermos Bottle both a convenience and an economy. It provides hot or cold drinks any time they're wanted. You can always drink hot coffee made at home if you have a Thermos Bottle.

Women Those who stay at home and those who work in factories, stores or offices — all need the Thermos. At home it saves labor and coal or gas. For the workers it means hot coffee made at home for luncheon.

Babies Day and night the Thermos Bottle keeps the baby's milk warm and sweet, making it easy for mothers and nurses. Filled, cleaned, emptied same as any ordinary bottle.

The Thermos Bottle provides hot or cold refreshments on MOTOR TRIPS — on RAILROAD JOURNEYS — on any kind of OUTING TRIPS.

Thermos Bottles are sold at the leading department stores, hardware stores, drug stores, jewelry stores, leather goods stores, automobile supply stores — everywhere. Pint and quart sizes.

Prices from \$3.50 up. Send for free booklet.

CANADIAN THERMOS BOTTLE CO., LTD., Montreal

On Sale at THE NORDHEIMER CO., Limited
Headquarters for Victor Records
and Talking Machines

ALL THE NEW OCTOBER RECORDS

The Nordheimer Piano & Music Co., Limited, 15 King St. East



40

NEW VICTOR RECORDS Just Out

Ask your dealer to play the three new records by

HARRY LAUDER:

The Wedding of Sandy McNab,
Tobermory,
Killiecrankie,

or the splendid rendition of

The Death of Nelson, sung by
HAROLD JARVIS

Every up-to-date Victor dealer has these records to-day. If you cannot get them in your place write to the factory direct. Send for Catalogue of 3,000 records. Free for the asking. Use Berliner Needles on Victor Records. Look out for the dog.

THE BERLINER GRAM-O-PHONE CO. OF CANADA LIMITED
MONTREAL

Above Records on Sale To-day At

**TORONTO GRAMOPHONE CO., 286 YONGE ST.
"VICTOR HEADQUARTERS"**

We will cheerfully demonstrate anything in the Victor list for you.

The following records will please you, ask to hear them.

31707	Hungarian Fantasia	(Tobani)	Pryor's Band
3706	Death of Nelson	(Braham)	Harold Jarvis
58001	The Wedding of Sandy McNab		Harry Lauder
52008	Tobermory		Harry Lauder
52009	Killiecrankie		Harry Lauder

New Red Seal Records by Giuseppina Huguet, Calve, Eames, De Gogorza, Constantino, Evan Williams, Viofara and Neilson.

TORONTO GRAMOPHONE CO., 286 YONGE ST.
Write for Catalogue

SOCIETY

THE engagement of Miss Lucile Graham, daughter of the late Dr. J. E. Graham, and Mr. Harry B. Housser, of Ottawa, son of Mr. John Housser, of Toronto, is announced. Their marriage will be celebrated in November.

Miss Florence Crawford has returned from England. Mr. George Crawford went down to meet his daughter in Boston on her arrival.

To have the largest hat and the shortest waist, is ambition enough to occupy the minds of several of Toronto mondaines just now.

Miss Barwick, of Dorchester street, Montreal, is visiting friends in College street.

A VERY important and influential number of people, to the number of three hundred, met last week in Toronto, being the higher officials of the passenger departments of the railways in America, which included Mexico, United States and Canada, and a goodly number were accompanied by ladies. After the business session they were entertained by the local transportation interests with auto drives and street car rides, a trip along the Bay and a visit to the Yacht Club, theatre parties, etc. A banquet at the King Edward Hotel Tuesday evening was given by the Canadian National Exhibition Association. Afterwards, nearly the entire party accepted an invitation to be the guests of the Grand Trunk, and two magnificent trains of pullman compartment, club and dining cars were placed at their disposal, and the Lake of Bays (Wawa Hotel) was visited on Thursday, Cobalt and the Temagami Lakes on Friday, the party returning Saturday and separating for their respective homes. The visitors were simply amazed at the mineral wealth of Cobalt. It was the unanimous opinion that never had they been treated more royally, and the future good to Canada, and particularly Ontario Highland resorts in having such a representative number of people personally visit these points cannot be over-estimated. Mr. Geo. T. Bell, the able General Passenger and Ticket Agent of the Grand Trunk Railway System, was elected the president of the Association for the next year, and was heartily congratulated on the honor shown.

The Dead Faith.

SHE made a little shadow-hidden grave
The day Faith died;
Therein she laid it, heard the clod's sick fall,
And smiled aside—
"If less I ask," tear-blind, she mocked, "I may
Be less denied."

She set a rose to blossom in her hair,
The day Faith died—
"Now glad," she said, "and free at last, I go,
And life is wide."
But through long nights she stared into the dark,
And knew she lied.
—Fannie Heaslip Lea, in the London Spectator.

Phatboy—Why did you have such an ugly-looking cur as that stuffed? Binks (with emotion)—That dog saved my life. Phatboy—Well, well! How? Binks—When we got back from our wedding tour my wife baked a cake for me, and the dog ate it.—Half-Holiday.

John Flanagan has established a new American record for throwing the hammer. Eugene V. Debs ought to challenge Flanagan.—Omaha Bee.



A Bewitching Display of FALL MILLINERY

MONDAY, OCTOBER 5TH, 1908.

THE new and exquisite Eaton Millinery Models, which we place on view next week, will rival in interest anything that this store has previously attempted—and, as every woman knows, that is saying much. Every hat in the entire collection is a "creation"—and every one has the distinct approval of Dame Fashion. So much for style correctness.

As to values, we are confident that no discriminating patron of our Millinery Department can fail to recognize that the hats we are showing this season possess more absolute worth, considering the prices attached, than we have heretofore been able to offer. We hope to welcome you, Monday, October 5th, and on succeeding days in the "White Salon" on the Second Floor of the big store.

THE T. EATON CO LIMITED

Ashby-Jackson

MILLINERY SALON
113½ WEST KING STREET

The Cradle, Altar and the Tomb

C. J. TOWNSEND & CO.

Valuable Paintings

by important

English and Canadian Artists

to be disposed of by auction absolutely to the highest bidder at

68 King Street East, Toronto

ON

Saturday Afternoon, Oct. 10

This collection contains many really IMPORTANT PAINTINGS.

Great Bargains May be Expected

Sale at 2.30 p.m. Ask for Catalogue.

C. J. TOWNSEND,
Auctioneer.

ALEX. MILLARD
UNDERTAKER
Private Mortuary
Phone M. 679. 359 Yonge St.

W. H. STONE CO.
UNDERTAKERS
Phone N. 2798 32 CARLTON ST.

DANIEL STONE
UNDERTAKER
Telephone North 8854. 88 W. Bloor St.

E. HOPKINS (BUTLER) CO.
(B. Hopkins) UNDERTAKERS
888 YONGE STREET



AGNES CAIN BROWN.

Prima Donna, Imperial Opera Company, Royal Alexandra Theatre.

BIRTHS.
JAMESON—At Dorncourt, Redhill, Surrey, Eng., Sept. 28, to Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Sampson Jameson, a son.
MORRIS—At Edmonton, Alta., Sept. 26, the wife of Harry C. Morris, of the Canadian Bank of Commerce, a daughter.
PATERSON—At 403 Delaware avenue, Sept. 23, to Mr. and Mrs. F. C. Paterson, a son.
MARRIAGES.
KENNEDY—STANNERS—At 1202 Queen street west, Sept. 30, 1908, by Rev. A. L. Giegge, Eva Stanners, to J. Jarvis Kennedy.
McMILLIN—MOFFAT—At Allandale, Sept. 25, 1908, by Rev. W. A. Amos, Alice Steele Moffat, of Toronto, to James Parker McMILLIN, of Allandale.
JONES—HAGARTY—At St. George's Church, Sept. 30, 1908, by Rev. Canon Cayley and Rev. Canon Webb, of Calgary, Mary Kathleen, daughter of George F. Hagarty, Esq., to B. Morton Jones, of Lethbridge, Alta., son of Rev. Septimus Jones, of Toronto.
WOODS—DICKSON—At St. Paul's Church, Bloor street, Sept. 24, 1908, by Rev. F. Wilkinson, Mary Evelyn, daughter of Captain R. G. Dickson, to George Alexander Woods, son of the late James Woods, Esq., of Galt.
McKINNON—HOWSON—At Wingham, Ont., Sept. 26, 1908, by Rev. W. G. Howson, Ada Irene, only daughter of Mr. W. J. Howson, to D. O. McKinnon, of Toronto.
LAVER—JEFFREY—In Toronto, Sept. 30, 1908, by Rev. E. N. Baker, D.D., Carrie Jean Jeffrey, of Toronto, to Mr. Edward A. Laver, of New York.
HALLIWELL—LANG—In Toronto, Sept. 30, 1908, by Rev. J. E. Starr, Mrs. Adelaide Lang, of Toronto, to Mr. Frederick Evans Halliwell, of Bolton, Lancashire, England.

DEATHS.

HICKEY—At Cobourg, Sept. 19, 1908, Dr. Chas. E. Hickey, Medical Supt. Cobourg Asylum, aged 68 years.
PRIMROSE—At Halifax, Sept. 26, 1908, Olivia Campbell, widow of the late Howard Primrose, Esq., and mother of Dr. Alexander Primrose, of Toronto.
YOUNG—At Aurora, Ont., Sept. 27, 1908, William Young, in his 64th year.

THE "GERHARD HEINTZMAN"

Canada's Most Artistic Piano

Nearly 50 years of fine art in piano making have placed it in the highest estimation of Virtuosos, Singers, and of amateurs in the home.

A TONE UNEQUALLED IN

POWER
BRILLIANCY
SWEETNESS

and just as unrivalled in outward beauty, mechanical workmanship and durability under all conditions of weather.

The great reputation of the "Gerhard Heintzman" Pianos have been gained through merit alone.

PRINTED MATTER MAILED FREE

Gerhard Heintzman, Limited
Hamilton Salesrooms,
127 King Street East,
97 Yonge St., Toronto

Society at the Capital

TORONTO, always a particularly attractive city to visit, is this week proving doubly so to a number of Ottawans, for reasons "golfish," and otherwise. The golf tournament on the Lambton links is attracting a party of our most adept lady golfers, who will take a hand in the game, among them being: Mrs. Charles Reade, Mrs. J. Franklyn Kidd, Mrs. J. W. Woods, Mrs. P. D. Ross, Mrs. H. K. Egan, Miss Gladys Hanbury Williams, Miss Fay Christie, Miss Lottie Fraser and Miss Norah Lewis. Miss Hanbury-Williams will be the guest of Mrs. E. B. Osler during her stay in Toronto, and Miss Lottie Fraser will, on the conclusion of the match, go on to Hamilton and Detroit to pay a visit to friends.

THE wedding on Wednesday the 30th, of Mr. Philip Toller to Miss Minnie McMurrich, which took place at St. Andrew's church, Toronto, also took a party of Ottawans to the Queen City this week. Col. and Mrs. Toller, Mr. Guy Toller, Mrs. J. B. Cranston (nee Toller), of Annapolis, and Mr. D'Arcy McGee, the latter of whom acted as an usher, comprised the party who took part in this interesting ceremony.

THE ever popular tea has again been the principal form of entertainment which has transpired in Ottawa during the past week. On Monday, Miss Ethel Perley was the pretty young hostess of a very bright little gathering given in honor of Miss Grimmer, of Halifax, who is the guest of Mrs. H. K. Egan. Miss Pansy Mills and Miss Claudia Bate presided over the tea and coffee urns, and were assisted by Miss Gladys Carling and a quartette of this season's expectant debutantes, Miss Marjorie Monk, Miss Margaret Fitzpatrick, and the Misses Gladys and Gwen Cook.

OTHER pretty girls who will make their initial bow to society as soon as the season is in full swing are: The Misses Jessie and Susie Cassels, daughters of Mr. Justice and Mrs. Cassels, of Blackburn avenue, former residents of Toronto; Miss Jessie Lee, only daughter of Mrs. Horace Lee; Miss Gladys Moore, Mr. and Mrs. Charles Moore's second pretty daughter; Miss Gertrude Coutlee, daughter of Colonel and Mrs. Louis Coutlee, of Daly avenue; Miss Marie Coursol, daughter of Madame Coursol; Mr. and Mrs. Fred W. Avery's daughter, Miss Vaughan Avery, who last week arrived home from school in England, and Miss Elsie Himsworth, Mr. William Himsworth's attractive daughter.

THE Misses Jessie and Susie Cassels were the guests of honor at a charmingly arranged tea given by Miss Madge Morse, on Tuesday, when a large number of the Capital's young matrons and bright girls were present to greet the newcomers among them. Mrs. Wilson Southam and Mrs. Alan Palmer took charge of the prettily arranged tea-table and had as assistants Miss Hope Wurtelle and Miss Wyde. Miss Sybil Howell, of Winnipeg, who was

a guest of Miss Helen Coutlee, and is now staying with Mrs. George Bryson, also shared the honor of being a *raison d'être* of the delightful little affair.

MISS GRIMMER, of Halifax, was also the special guest of another much enjoyed tea on Tuesday afternoon, when Miss Louie Douglas, niece of Mrs. H. K. Egan, did the honors, and was ably assisted by Miss Ottilie Fellowes and Miss Laura White, Miss Hanbury Williams, Miss Elsie Himsworth and Miss Marjorie Monk.

THE meeting of the Anglican Synod has brought a large number of bishops, clergymen and delegates to the Capital. The Bishop of Minnesota and also the Bishop of New Hampshire are the guests of the Bishop of Ottawa and Mrs. Hamilton; the Bishop of Huron and Miss Williams are with Col. and Mrs. Smith; the Bishop of Columbia is Mr. and Mrs. H. K. Egan's visitor; the Bishop of Ontario and Mrs. Mills and also the Bishop of Algoma and Mrs. Thornloe are at Christ Church Rectory, with Rev. Canon and the Misses Kittson; Mrs. C. A. E. Harris, of Earncliffe, is entertaining Rev. Canon and Mrs. Spragge, of Cobourg; and Bishop and Mrs. Worrell, of Halifax, are with Mr. and Mrs. Victor Sinclair. The Bishop of Ottawa and Mrs. Hamilton, on Saturday afternoon, gave a large reception for the various members of the clergy and delegates who are in the city.

LIEUT.-COLONEL and Mrs. J. Lyons Biggar, of King Edward avenue, left on Thursday afternoon for Montreal, whence they sailed the following evening by the Virginian for England, their vessel having been delayed some hours in starting, owing to the dense fog which prevailed at the time. Col. and Mrs. Biggar will be absent for five weeks.

SIR LOUIS, Lady and Miss Mary Davies, who have been spending the summer abroad, returned to the Capital early in the week and are again settled in their residence in Metcalfe street. Miss Gertrude Davies, who has been in Prince Edward Island for the hot months, is expected shortly to join the family circle, as is also Mr. Tom Davies, who has been on a survey for some months past.

THE CHAPERONE.
Ottawa, Sept. 28, 1908.

A Storm Prayer.

LORD, when Thy way is on the sea,
Walk gently, lest the ruffled waves
Gnash out their wrath in cloistered caves
That open on the sailor's lee
A line of hungry graves.
Lord, when Thy voice is on the deep,
Speak softly, lest Thy thunders break
The long, green ocean cliffs, and make
A bed where travellers fall asleep
And never more awake!

Lord, when Thine eyes keep watch by night,
Look kindly, lest Thy lightning tear
Through curtains of protecting air,
And open to the traveller's sight
The doors of black despair!
—A. W., in the London Daily News.

A Yankee in Canada.

THE London (Ont.), Advertiser says, editorially: An American who spent his summer holidays in Canada gives the New York Sun a two-column record of his observations, and shows that he brought with him not only open eyes, but an open mind. Of course, he comments on Canadian "slowness," a word which American visitors have a habit of flinging at us, though they are sometimes puzzled when asked for an explanation. The Sun correspondent, however, does not use it as a term of reproach. He says he likes Canadian slowness, because it means that the Canadians are quieter and steadier than his own countrymen. He was surprised at finding English-Canadians so much like Yankees that he could not tell them apart—a supreme compliment from an American's point of view. He is surprised also, that he heard no mention of Taft or Bryan, and that Canadians evidently "didn't care a continental which one is elected"—which is true. A novel experience was his inability to get a drink of liquor after the legal hour of closing, a state of affairs which he naively characterizes as un-American. He then hands us this elaborate bouquet:

"Some Americans I met said they didn't like Canada because it was poky and the people lacked push. That was the reason I liked it. The Canadians don't push, and they ought to be thankful that they don't. But they are reliable, and their standard of usage among their fellows is higher than that of the American who does push. They have time to be polite, time to think of some other interests than their own, time to equip themselves better for their every-day living, time to make good laws and observe them, time to remember that honesty is the best policy, time to save a little for a rainy day, time to enjoy themselves rationally, time to think that money isn't everything, time to make of themselves a people: our own people would be better if they were more like them."

"In proof of which I offer the plain business fact that Canadians when they seek work of any kind in this land of push always find it, and the service they render is such that employers retain them as long as possible. That is the practical test, and it counts."

"Concluding, I may say that the States might be Canadianized to their advantage in more than one regard." This may not be fully deserved, but it is at least impartial. The difference between Canadians and their American cousins is not one of energy, but of temperament and nerves. We are not so highly strung as they, and are consequently more leisurely in our methods and habits. Life is more than the means of living, and perhaps Canadians get as much out of life as their neighbors, even if less of their time and attention is absorbed by the pursuit of the dollar.

A. W. Gore, who, at the age of 40, made history recently by winning the Olympic lawn tennis medals (covered court) and the all-England championship, possesses a record which Baily's Magazine declares to be unparalleled in the sport.

For one thing, he is the oldest player ever to win the blue ribbon; for another, no man has ever won the title of the champion of England twice with an interval of seven years between his two victories, and for a third, no player has ever appeared

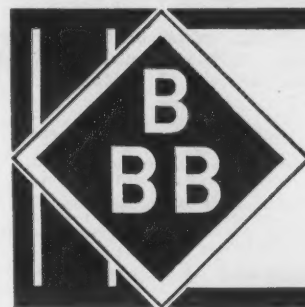
The tenth pipeful is as sweet, as fragrant and as palatable as the first.

CHOP CUT

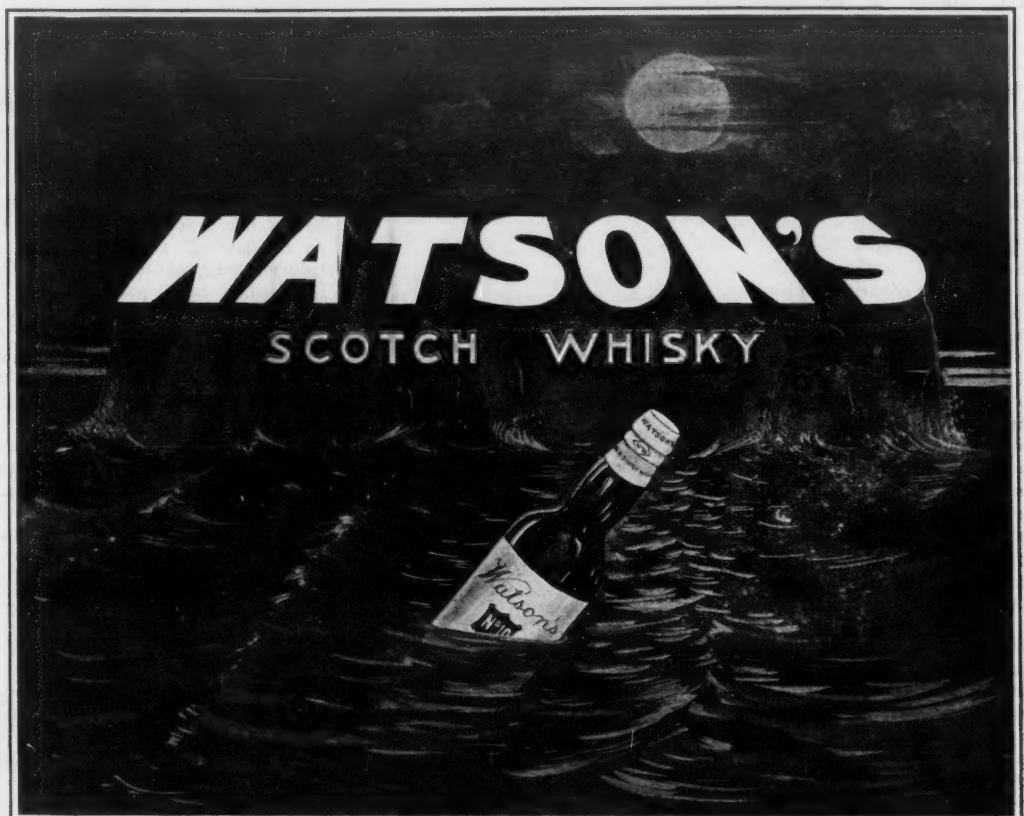
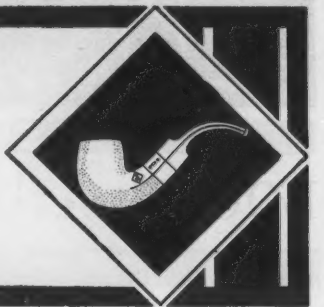
THE REAL FINE SMOKING MIXTURE

"A Blend of Rare Tobaccos" "Will Not Burn the Tongue" "Absolutely Pure"
1-8 lb. tin 25c.—1-4 lb. tin 50c.—1-2 lb. tin \$1.00.

A. CLUBB & SONS SOLE DISTRIBUTORS 5 KING WEST
"SENT ALL CHARGES PREPAID" IN CANADA.



Guaranteed,
with fair
usage, not
to "crack" or
"burn."



Agents—McGaw & Russell, Toronto—Telephone M. 2647

There's a New Kind of Tailor Shop in Town

WE are here to cater to the young men of Toronto who require *good tailoring* at a moderate price. That price we have fixed at \$24.00 for a business suit or an overcoat.

Q Our range of materials will be found as high-grade as any ever shown, even at double the price.

Q Back of it all, is a purchasing "stunt" that enables us to import these goods from Europe at about one-third their cost to other tailors.

Q But *you* are not interested in *how* it is done—all you care about is our ability to make good our claims.

Q Give us a chance to *show* you—that is all we ask.

BEAUCHAMP & HOW, Limited

High-Grade Custom Tailors

IN TAILORS ROW, KING ST. WEST

in the final of the all comers' singles on six occasions.

Mr. Gore was born on January 2, 1868, and as far back as 1880, when he was only 12, was winning prizes. It was at the Dinard Club that he learned lawn tennis. In 1880 he won his first handicap, mixed doubles, and in 1886 secured the silver cup given as championship of the Dinard Club.

Mr. Gore's 1908 record is one of which any man should be justly

proud. He has won the open championship of England, the covered court championship and the Olympic gold medals, double, and singles, covered court.

"Have you read the platform of our party?" "Yes," answered Farmer Cornstossel. "What do you think of it?" "It's a good platform. But what I want to know is why politics should be the only business that al-

lows a man to collect in advance on the strength of his good intentions?" —Washington Star.

John J. Hayes, the Marathon winner at the recent Olympic games, has gone over to the professional ranks. He has signed a winter's contract with a New York vaudeville house and every day will tell the story of his great race accompanied by moving pictures.